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THE UNEXPECTED PERIL.

Unlike the youth that all men say
They prize—youth of abounding
blood,
In love with the sufficient day,
And gay in growth, and strong in
bud;

Unlike was mine! Then my first slum-
ber
Nightly rehearsed my last; each
breath
Knew itself one of the unknown num-
ber.
But Life was urgent with me as
Death.

My shroud was in the flocks; the hill
Within its quarry locked my stone;
My bier grew in the woods; and still
Life spurred me where I paused
alone.

"Begin!" Life called. Again her
shout,
"Make haste while it is called to
day!"
Her exhortations plucked me out,
Hunted me, turned me, held me at
bay.

But if my youth is thus hard pressed
(I thought) what of a later year?
If the End so threats this tender
breast,
What of the days when it draws
near?

Draws near, and little done. Yet lo,
Dread has forborne, and Haste lies
by.
I was beleaguered; now the foe
Has raised the siege, I know not
why.

I see them troop away; I ask
Were they in sooth mine enemies—
Terror, the doubt, the lash, the task?
What heart has my new housemate,
Ease?

How am I left, at last, alive,
To make a stranger of a tear?
What did I do one day to drive
From me the vigilant angel, Fear?

The diligent angel, Labor? Ay,
The inexorable angel, Pain?

Menace me, lest indeed I die,
Sloth! Turn, crush, teach me fear
again!

Alice Meynell.

The Saturday Review.

AN OLD HOUSE.

In fancy I can see thee stand
Again in the green meadow land;
As in thine infancy, long past,
When Southwark was a lovely waste;
And larks and blackbirds sang around,
As common as their children found
So far away in these late days.
And thou didst like a lighthouse raise
Thy windows, that their light could
show

Across the broad, green calm below;
And there were trees, beneath whose
boughs
Stood happy horses, sheep, and cows.
From thy back windows thou couldst
see,
Half-way between St. Paul's and thee,
Swans with their shadows, and the
barge
Of State old Thames took in his
charge.

Ah, wert thou now what thou were
then,

There were no need to fly from men.
Instead of those green meadows, now
Three hundred hungry children show
Rags and white faces at thy door
For charity. We see no more
Green lanes, but alleys dark instead;
Where none can walk but fear to
tread

On babes that crawl in dirt and slime.
And from thy windows, at this time,
Thou canst not see ten yards beyond,
For the high blocks that stand around;
Buildings that oftentimes only give
One room in which five souls must
live,

With but one window for their air.
Foul art thou now with lives of care,
For hungry children and men poor
Seek food and lodging at thy door.
Thou that didst bear, in thy first
hours,
Birds sing, and saw the sweet wild
flowers.

William H. Davies.

The Nation.

THE ATTITUDE OF CANADA.

The prevailing note in the relations between the various self-governing parts of the British Empire seems just now to be one of exuberant good feeling. So much magnanimity is there that one sometimes hears Englishmen talk with complacency of the time when, by the shifting of population, Ottawa and not London may have become the capital of the Empire and the Mother Country the dependency almost of her present dependencies. Prussia has been absorbed into Germany; why should not England lose herself in a larger state? A Canadian is almost astounded when he picks up *The Times* to see how much space is given to the affairs of his country. If he is old enough to remember that, twenty-five years ago, he felt something like a glow of pride when he found in a copy of *The Times* a single paragraph relating to Canada, he will not fail to be impressed by the change. Yet it may puzzle him. It is probably true that four-fifths of the people of Canada do not understand the present attitude of Great Britain towards them. They are not conscious of any considerable change in outlook. They have always believed in their own country. They have always valued the tie with Great Britain, and they are content to go along in the old way with the difference only of a somewhat stronger national feeling as Canadians. On the other hand, most Englishmen have changed their point of view. One is obliged at times almost to rub one's eyes. The old note that the Colonies may go when they like, and good luck to them, is changing not merely to a desire to retain them, but to a nervous dread lest they may go and thus bring about Britain's ruin. The Englishman has been wondering whether, since there is no immortality on earth for the

individual, so also may there be none for any state, and he is haunted by the fear that the days are numbered of Britain, the oldest of the present great monarchies of Europe.

It is striking to see with what humility of spirit the Englishman is trying to meet a new situation. Of late years he has been told so often that in facing new conditions he is unadaptive and arrogant that now he distrusts himself. The national character has hardly changed—national character does not change in a generation. The Englishman still believes that his is the highest type of civilization in the world and I rather think he is right. But the more thoughtful are deeply anxious to be conciliatory and to understand the point of view of other nationalities within the Empire. They are frank in admitting past mistakes and failures. In their present theory of Empire they put the Canadians, for instance, and themselves on a perfectly equal footing. When one remembers that the Briton alone has been carrying the heavy load of the army and navy, adequate to defend this Empire, it is not his arrogance but his modesty and humility that are noteworthy.

It is towards Canada that he is most wistful. Rightly or wrongly, many Englishmen have come to think that the well-being of England is bound up with Canada, and that the great Dominion will soon be the heart of the Empire. Their own population may begin to decline; and they picture an aggressive Germany outnumbering Great Britain two to one. In gloomy moments they remember what Holland, another maritime state with only a small home territory, once was, and what she now is, and then they see that the tie with Canada will save the situation. Here is a vast and almost

unpeopled land with amazing possibilities. Let but Canada and Great Britain unite their resources and the future is no longer gloomy but steadily brighter as Canada fills up. Germany, instead of outnumbering, will soon be outnumbered by this mighty combination, and Britain will be sure to remain one of the leading states of the world. Mr. Chamberlain has even dreamed of a union between Great Britain, Canada, and other states from which should be evolved "a new government with large powers of taxation and legislation over countries separated by thousands of miles of sea." Lord Milner, while less exuberant, thinks that an organic union to form a single body politic is possible for the British Empire. It is true that when details are required he becomes vague. But the desire for such close union is real. Were it seen to be finally impossible many a Briton would despair of his country. A recent writer, Mr. Bernard Holland, reflects a common opinion: "If the Empire should dissolve, England would doubtless decay and decline, exhausted by the effort of creating so many new states and now impelled by her economic condition to become again a self-contained and self-supporting country."¹

Perhaps this attitude of mind shows too much self-distrust, a quality we do not readily associate with the Englishman. Bereft of colonies and dependencies Great Britain would still have a larger population than France or Italy. But extreme militarism, the legacy to Europe of the Franco-German War, has become a nightmare. The flight of time has failed to mitigate it, and now Britain is startled at the increasing menace which this may be to her own safety. As long as the war-spirit limited itself chiefly to huge military armaments she felt reasonably secure with the sea as her frontier.

¹ "Imperium et Libertas," p. 265.

But when Germany, already controlling a vast army, evolved plans for a huge navy too, Britain's alarm lest this navy might be used to land the army on her shores has grown, until now, with many, it has reached the point of panic. Looking round to strengthen herself she sees that she needs the daughter-nations and clings to them with a fervor almost pathetic.

And all the time the daughter-nations hardly understand the need of the mother-land. Canada at least feels herself menaced by no new dangers, and, living possibly in a fool's paradise, has no paroxysm of nerves. It has always been hopeless for her to think of armed strife with her only neighbor, for this neighbor could put a dozen men into the field to her one. From Europe, rightly or wrongly, she fears nothing, since, in case of such aggression, Canada would inevitably be backed by the United States.

It is a defect of Canadian newspapers that they are apt to be provincial in character, and give most of their space to the discussion of local issues. It thus happens that Canadians get little information about Europe. I doubt if there are two dozen people in Canada who read the daily *Times*. More of course read some less exhaustive English newspaper; but, after all, these, too, are only the few. The great bulk of the people of Canada learn the news of Great Britain only through the medium of Canadian newspapers. In former times these published the full, though of course biased, cables which went to the press of the United States. But now the Canadian press has a cable service of its own, and it is proving a doubtful blessing. Instead of the former copious cables we have now usually only a few paragraphs from the Old World. The tables are completely turned. England is growing less ignorant of Canada than is Canada of England.

The Canadians are becoming indeed a people quite different from the English. The saying of Horace, now trite enough, *cultum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt*, is, in this relation, profoundly untrue. The European, transplanted to America, becomes, in some ways, a changed being. No doubt the extreme views of Buckle are out of date, that man's thought and actions represent simply the mechanical result of the physical forces about him. But we hardly need to be reminded nowadays that environment counts for something. The man who passes from Great Britain to Canada passes into a totally new world. Change of climate accounts for much, change of conditions for even more. In the land which he leaves there has been time to evolve definite social types and to unite them, with some precision, into one organism. English society is a unit. The Court circle, the public schools, the Universities, the clubs and drawing-rooms of London, the country houses scattered all over the land, unite to form one composite whole. In spite of concessions which rank now makes to wealth, this society is nicely graded. A hostess well understands who is to be asked to dinner and who only to luncheon or to tea. The clubs make their distinctions sharply, and schools for the gentry draw the line at the children of a retail tradesman, though they have no objection to those of his book-keeper.

It would be untrue to say that, because Canada is democratic, she has no social distinctions. It happened not so very long ago that a gentleman, otherwise entirely eligible, was blackballed at a Toronto club because he was in some way connected with trade. Many of the "old families" hold aloof from the *nouveaux riches*. But the lines are not drawn as they are drawn in England. In Canada social distinctions and birth count for much less, the in-

dividual for much more. There is no unity in Canadian society; there is no well-entrenched social caste favored for its continuance by laws, such as that of primo-geniture; there is no social capital or court to determine standards. Montreal and Toronto, more than three hundred miles apart, know little of each other's social life; a social magnate in one place will be almost unknown in the other. Positions are made rapidly. In twenty, or even ten, years a man may rise from wealth to great affluence. He may still remain socially obscure; but, on the other hand, if he or his wife possesses the required qualities he may pass readily into something like social leadership. It all depends on the individual. There is no gradation of rank well recognized by public opinion, and itself the outcome of a long social growth.

Thus a profound initial difference exists between the outlook of the Canadian and that of the Englishman upon the society of which he forms a part. To the Englishman the Canadian seems often raw and crude, as perhaps he is. But it is as likely as not to be the crudeness of a strength conscious of itself and indifferent to other standards. No doubt the Canadian too feels the respect for high rank, the awe in the presence of royalty, so characteristic of the homeland; like Thackeray, he would be proud to be seen walking down the street arm-in-arm with a duke. But at heart the Canadian is, ceremonially, at least, a republican. He thinks monarchy a cheap and inefficient form of government, and prefers it to a system that involves the prolonged quadrennial convulsion of his great republican neighbor. But he knows nothing of courts or of any practical aspects of the divinity that hedges about kingship. There is no local magnate in his neighborhood to whom he looks up with awe and respect; he himself is probably a land-

owner, in his own view equal to every other landowner. If persons of rank conduct themselves with simple dignity he respects them, but he resents sharply any arrogance or lack of tact. Any one who presumed, in the slightest degree, upon his rank would find himself face to face with a plain-spoken democrat, who had no difficulty in calling a spade a spade. I remember that, when a scion of a noble house once forgot his manners at a social gathering in Canada, he was promptly toasted to his face as "our absent-minded friend."

There is in truth in Canada, outside of a very limited circle, little or nothing of the social discipline that the Englishman accepts as a part of his natural atmosphere. The member of an old society knows almost instinctively the gradations of dignity from the premier duke to the last created baron. If he lives in the academic world he knows what profound difference of meaning there is between Oxford and Glasgow. He sees Glasgow itself bend the knee to Oxford and accept its inferior *status* as a part of that ordering of society which, if not recognized as divine, is at least the outcome of a long historical growth. No doubt the Canadian, too, is a little awed by the majestic traditions of the gray city on the Isis. But it is merely an emotion; these traditions are not concrete facts that have weight in his society as they have in that of England. The Canadian usually thinks it probable that his own universities will fit him or his son better for life than any in the Old World, and little or no prestige is gained in Canadian society by any brand of school or college. Even Eton and Christ Church would have but slight weight in this New World. One might draw out in other directions the contrast between the society of the two countries. But enough has been said to show that Canada has stand-

ards of her own; she is evolving her own type of social life and is supremely interested in that and not in any other. She believes in herself. A few days ago I greeted a party of friends returning to Canada after a prolonged sojourn in England. "Thank God, I am back again in God's own country," one of them said as he alighted at the station. I smiled as I remembered that that is precisely what many an Englishman would be likely to say on returning home from Canada. It is assuredly not strange that Canada is to the Canadian what England is to the Englishman.

Canada is not becoming Americanized, if this means that she is drawing closer politically to the United States. On the contrary, just because she has a growing confidence in her own self, she is daily growing farther away from any thought of political union with that country. She shows indeed an increasing desire to be unlike rather than like the United States. As the outcome of a long and unhappy evolution the United States has to-day an embittered racial quarrel which, if combined with lack of confidence in the courts of justice, leads to dreadful scenes of mob violence. Such spectacles Canada has never witnessed, and they fill the minds of her people with horror. The scandal-mongering American press, that most inadequate exponent of the life of a people truly great, finds, happily, few imitators in Canada. The traditions of society in the United States are not understood or regarded in Canada; the new citizen of the West is respected as much or as little as the Boston Brahmin; it all depends on himself. Above all is Canada convinced that the machinery of government in the United States, its rigid conservatism and the impossibility of organic change, are inadequate to modern needs. A Canadian cannot readily grasp a situation in which the man

responsible for carrying on the Government can be at issue with the legislative body, as Mr. Roosevelt has been recently. In this he is at one with his English fellow-citizen. Both are accustomed to the sway of a Prime Minister, himself the creation of the House of Commons, and working always in harmony with it. The development in Britain's political methods during the nineteenth century has been thoroughly assimilated by the daughter-state, and here they stand whole-heartedly together. From the older or the younger has learned to plough.

It is indeed probably beyond question that Great Britain and Canada are now more substantially one in outlook than at any previous period in their history. Their people are familiar with the same types of political machinery, they enjoy identical liberties. If Canada has had grievances in the past, the impression of the average man is that they have been removed, and that all is now smooth sailing. One is hardly prepared for a complaint from Canada that she has suffered, and is still suffering, at the hands of a jealous stepmother, and that there is a good deal yet to do in order to be rid of irksome leading-strings. Yet a book which appeared last year by an eminent and learned Canadian lawyer rings from end to end with the thought that Canada has nearly always been badly treated, or that she would have been badly treated but for her own strenuous and successful resistance, and that she is not yet a free state.² With great skill and ingenuity the author works up an elaborate case against Great Britain. She has checked Canada unduly in the past; she is checking her unduly still, and resisting her assertion of the privileges of the grown-up. Canada has a long list of grievances. Mr. Ewart has read widely.

² "The Kingdom of Canada and other Essays," by John S. Ewart, K.C. Toronto: Mox sang & Co., 1908.

not, one fears, so much to see his subject as a whole, but to make points against Great Britain. Yet his bark is worse than his bite. Beginning with denunciation he ends, like a Hebrew prophet, with benediction. After all, the two countries are now getting on very well together, he admits, and he wishes them always to stand side by side.

None the less is his list of Canada's supposed grievances worth examination. The first one is that to-day, by Great Britain's fault, Canada has the nondescript title of "Dominion" instead of being a kingdom. When Canada was federated Sir John Macdonald intended that the new state should be called the "Kingdom of Canada." By this title he wished to assert Canada's equality of *status* with the mother-land. She was to be an auxiliary kingdom, and, starting with a title of equality, as her population grew, Canada, without further organic change, would take naturally the position among the various states of the Empire to which her importance entitled her at each phase of development. It is easy to say that to call Canada a Kingdom would have made no real difference. But perhaps it is as shallow to make too little of names as it is to make too much. Two centuries ago Prussia was extremely anxious for the *status* of a kingdom. When her ruler gained his point he took equal rank with Louis the Fourteenth and other kings of his time, and the subsequent history of Prussia has not shown that this accession of dignity in title was unimportant. But Canada was not allowed to become a kingdom because a nervous British minister feared to irritate the Republicans of the United States by setting up a new monarchy on their border; and so at his demand the proposed kingdom became the "Dominion." Certainly this minister at least must have thought that names

were important, and now we have a note of indignant regret that Sir John Macdonald's idea was not carried out.

Mr. Ewart would still change "Dominion" to "Kingdom," and thus assert Canada's political equality with Great Britain. He would have Canada definitely renounce the idea that the Imperial Parliament has any jurisdiction over her. He wishes Great Britain and Canada to stand together in a free union of perfectly equal states. He does not wish a British Empire, for to him an "Empire" means the dominance of one central state over inferior states. Yet he is no Republican. King Edward would still be Sovereign of Canada; indeed, the King, and the King alone, would be the permanent tie between the two countries. They would work together, without any thought that one state had control over the other. Since King Edward could not be in two places at once, it would seem as if he must be represented in Canada by a viceroy. Mr. Ewart does not say who is to appoint the viceroy. Certainly it cannot be the Government of Great Britain, which is to have no authority in Canada; and it can hardly be the King, who can perform no political acts except through the medium of a responsible minister. Is the Parliament of Canada then to appoint him? The question is not uninteresting or unimportant, but here we need not discuss it further.

It may be that, in regard to this title of Kingdom, Canada has a grievance, though it is not a grievance very widely known or felt. Of course it is interesting to find that forty-three years ago a British minister, with a stroke of his pen, changed Canada from a proposed kingdom to a "Dominion." In spite of the emphatic wishes of those who created the new federation. But for our present relations the question is whether Britain would do this now. Assuredly she would not. Yet Mr.

Ewart persists that unreasonable restrictions upon Canada still endure, and he draws up a considerable list of disabilities from which she suffers. Canada could not hold biennial parliaments; an Act of the British Parliament makes it obligatory for the Canadian Parliament to sit annually. Canada could not take a census every twelfth year instead of every tenth year. The Maritime Provinces of Canada, with their three legislatures, could not take the economical step of uniting under one. Canada has no power to change her own capital, or even the quorum in her House of Commons, should she so desire. She has not complete control over such matters as coinage, copyright, and shipping, even that engaged in her own coasting trade. The powers of Canada's Parliament, like those of a State in the American Union, are strictly confined to her own actual territory. Even there she is not supreme, for the British Parliament has sovereign jurisdiction in Canada, as everywhere else in the Empire; all of Canada's legislation is null and void that conflicts with that of the United Kingdom; on any Canadian measures the United Kingdom still has the power of disallowance, and an Imperial Act can at any time override a Canadian Act. If Britain declares war on any state, Canada is at war too, though her Government may disapprove of the declaration. In short, Burke's pictures of Britain "as from the throne of Heaven she superintends all the several inferior legislatures," is still true. Mr. Ewart seems to think of her relations with Canada.

It looks as if Canada were cribbed, cabined and confined. But Mr. Ewart is too good a constitutional lawyer not to know that Canada really can do what she likes within the limits of the law of nations. It is true that the Constitution of Canada was created

and might be revoked by an Act of the Imperial Parliament. But it will never be revoked, and any amendments that Canada desires she can have. Such amendments are made with great ease. If the United States wishes to amend its constitution it must go through an elaborate process of submitting the proposal to the vote of each of the States—a process so difficult that less than twenty amendments have been made in 120 years. Canada has merely to express by vote in Parliament what amendments she desires and almost automatically the British Parliament passes the necessary Bill. No doubt Canada's *amour propre* would be saved if her own enactment were alone necessary. But this might be even too easy; it is, in practice, not a bad thing that two parliaments must be consulted before a final step is taken. The method may be a little belated, but it springs out of the relation between parent and child. Be the forms what they may, the fact remains that Canada controls her own destiny. It is no reproach that forty years ago Great Britain did not let Canada do all that she wished. It is hardly a reproach to a parent that he restrained his son in youth. The restraints may or may not have been wise. What is important is that the youth's manhood should be fully recognized when he reaches that stage.

In the end the people of Canada have always had their way, and this will continue to be the case. That their own way will lead to separation from Britain I do not believe; that it will lead to closer organic union with Britain I do not believe either. Canada will steadily become more independent in her outlook, more determined to retain and develop control of her own affairs, more ambitious to rank among the nations of the earth. She can surrender none of her authority to any political body not controlled by her own people. It is not likely that any cen-

tral Parliament for the British people would be efficient. Rapid and complete adjustment to local conditions is one of the secrets of political as well as business efficiency. It is hard to see how any one can imagine that the welfare of Canada would be promoted by organic union with other states which would leave her in any respect less free than she now is to make this rapid adjustment.

One may well doubt whether organic union even between Canada and the United States with their contiguous territory would make for good government on the North American continent. I heard a wise statesman say recently that because the centralization at Washington is already so vast, it would probably be in the interest of the United States, did Canada not already exist, that she should be brought into being. A whole continent could not be well governed in one state. If this is true of North America, how much truer is it likely to be of the widely-scattered regions that now make up the British Empire! A common public opinion over such an area would be impossible; and to what are we to trust for the control of an organic union if it is not public opinion? Great Britain is nearer geographically to Canada than to any other of the larger sections of the British Empire; yet in many things there is no public opinion common to the two countries. Great Britain does not share Canada's dread of immigration from the East, simply because to her this is no menace. Recently, when Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, was profoundly stirred over the Alaska Boundary question, Great Britain was apathetic or in sympathy with the opinion that Canada was combatting. There is a similar apathy in Canada now regarding Britain's alarm over the designs of Germany. Imagination is not strong enough for countries so widely separated, and with problems

so different, to feel acutely the more immediate issues of each other.

Present-day exponents of Imperial theories are a little apt not to have viewed the problems in the light of the long past in which they have developed. The two supreme questions of Empire which are new and pressing with each political change are also very old—how shall burdens be divided equally, and how shall there be equality in control among those who bear the burdens? Adam Smith wrestled with these problems when the British Colonies in America first took up arms, and found no solution that could be adjusted to facts. Subsequent thinkers have fared no better. The problems are in truth intellectually insoluble; the uncontrollable logic of facts, the conclusions of which may not be by us foreseen, will alone determine them.

Assuredly they will not be solved by the pressure of the exigencies of Europe alone. For some reason a great continent has chosen to turn itself into an armed camp, with its various political units ready at a moment's notice to spring at each other's throats. So stupendous is this array of power that it fills the rest of the world with awe, if not with admiration. Great Britain shares the dangers which Europe chooses to impose upon itself. Her burden is abnormal, artificial, one may hope transient. Must the scale of the individual British citizen's responsibility all over the world be adjusted to the exacting standard of Europe alone? Yes, if altruism prevailed in politics, and if the minds of the multitude could be swayed by a discerning few possessing world-wide vision. But the citizen of Canada, plain, unlettered, unimaginative, is not thinking of the situation in Europe. He does not listen expectant to hear whether the German Emperor, in an after-dinner speech, is a little more or a little less optimistic

about the continuance of peace. What he is thinking of is the resources to build his own house, to construct the school-house, the highways, the railways that a new country urgently needs. Even a small tax-bill vexes his thrifty soul, for he has not yet been trained to bear heavy burdens of this kind, and he will be slow to learn the lesson. To talk of this man accepting, or remotely approximating to, the standards of Europe in regard to military equipment is absurd. The old questions are as insoluble as ever. The burden cannot be divided equally, and without equality of burden there can be no unity of control.

What then can be done? Must the great states of the Empire drift apart with the prospect of each becoming a separate nation with no relation to the others? God forbid! There are times when one grasps at the thought of an Imperial *Zollverein* as containing the solution of the whole matter. Make it the commercial interest of the various parts of the Empire to hold together and permanent union is assured. Perhaps! But one pauses before the possible effect of such a change upon the future of Britain herself. To see a Canadian traveller, returned from England, unpack his trunks is an object-lesson; there are all kinds of fabrics, durable and beautiful, bought in England for much less than they would cost in Canada, and it is a stupendous commerce in such things that keeps Britain alive. To make them even a little dearer may be to destroy a vast trade. Assuredly no voice from over the seas has any right to urge upon Britain a course that may be to her full of danger. Moreover, even were such a union possible, it could not be regarded as permanent, for each state must be left free to enter and to withdraw at pleasure. Nothing will endure that interferes with the national aspirations of the various portions of the Empire.

In regard to burdens, one may only hope for a levelling-down in Europe, and, at the same time, for a levelling-up in Canada. While Canada must repudiate the military standards of Europe as necessarily to be imitated by her, the stern truth cannot be avoided that these standards have obtained a footing both in America and in Asia. Just because the world to-day, with its intricate relationships, represents something like a unit, both Japan and the United States have had to prepare themselves for emergencies not of their own creating. If Canada aims, as she does aim, at being a great nation, she cannot expect always to be protected by any arm but her own. After all, the basis of human well-being lies in each man's capacity to take care of himself. Canada has yet to learn this lesson of true manhood. There are signs that she has begun to learn it, and to-day no better promise of success lies before an aspirant to political leadership in Canada than in a strong appeal to the Canadian conscience on this point. But one may hope that at the same time the standard of preparedness set by Europe will be lowered. Only one state seems now to bar the way to accomplishing this, and perhaps the waste involved in unbridled militarism will before long force this state to moderate its ambitions. Then for the British Empire a simpler standard of common burdens may slowly be evolved, and in time the British and the Canadian tax-payer may have an equal share in responsibility.

At any rate, other parts of the Empire cannot expect much longer from Great Britain the admission, so frankly made at the last Colonial Conference, that she is fully responsible for their protection. Canada has never admitted that she holds it to be her duty to share in whatever wars Great Britain may undertake. Each question, she says, will be determined as it arises.

Would it be unfair were Great Britain to say the same thing regarding Canada? When we ask the question, what is defensible in theory is seen to be impossible in practice. If Canada became involved in war, could Great Britain hold aloof and perhaps see the territory of Canada impaired? Would Canada see Germany overwhelm Britain and make no move to help the motherland? *The Times* recently threatened that, should Australia not do more to fill up her waste areas, she could not count upon Britain's defence if some other state undertook the task. Could Great Britain then stand by and see Japan or Germany attack Australia? One comes back again to the truth that the problems of the Empire are just now intellectually insoluble.

"An impotent conclusion after saying so much," a reader may well say. "Why write at all only to reach it?" Perhaps in the presence of a multitude of theories of Empire it is worth while to see for a moment exactly where we are, even though we may not quite know whither we are going. We are at the point where Canadian national feeling is already strong and growing stronger, and it must have free play. But it is in no sense hostile to Great Britain. The mischief of a book such as Mr. Ewart's is that it may tend to foster alienation; if people are told with great skill and persistence that they have grievances they are not unlikely to believe it. To say that Britain's handling of Canadian questions has been ideally wise would be absurd. She has made blunders, and her last—the tactless dealing with the Alaska Boundary dispute—caused a resentment in Canada that is not yet understood in London. But this is not what Canada chooses to think of chiefly. She is not nursing grievances. She prefers to think of the sacrifices Britain made to win and hold Canada and of the generosity with which this

splendid heritage has now been handed over freely to the Canadian people.

"As the legal ties are slackened, the moral ties are tightened," said Lord Thring, and this is eminently true of the development of political thought in Canada to-day. She is ceasing to be a dependent, but she is more than an

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ally. Alliances are determined by self-interest. Not in any spirit of self-interest, but in obedience to the dictates of nature and education is Canada, the daughter-state, resolved to remain linked with the mother-land.

George M. Wrong.
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A PORTUGUESE PATCHWORK.

It is mid-October, but perfect summer still—a season of skies absolutely cloudless, of scorching sunshine, of heat so intense that, high perched as the Condados is, standing "four square to all the winds that blow," I hesitate to leave the shelter of the house between the hours of 10 and 4; a season of gorgeous sunsets, pageants of scarlet and gold, ablaze beyond the calmly glittering Atlantic, and of the most exquisite violet twilights imaginable. Each evening I always watch by the deathbed of the dying day, as it passes away amid fire and flame, like an Indian widow on her funeral pyre—spending the hour that is such a curious union of calm peace and lurid grandeur on the broad terrace which clasps the south and west sides of the old *palago*. This terrace, with its thickets of roses, its oleanders, and its broken sun-dial, is a delectable lingering place, and I do not come away till the deep purple velvet that robes the queen of night is strewn thick with the largest and most brilliant stars I have ever seen. The air is full of pungent balm, distilled throughout the long hot day by heat and sunshine from the thousand aromatic things—myrtle and lavender, eucalyptus and rosemary, juniper and bay—that clothe all uncultivated spaces around me, and the only sounds that break the stillness are the murmur of ocean as its long-drawn swell breaks in languid ripples on the

bar of the Mondego and the answering whisper that creeps through the pine-copse, black on the skyline against the imperial purple of the southern night.

Yes, though it is mid-October, summer is with us still, and the world and his wife who, when July poured her torrid heat upon the land, licking up all moisture as with a tongue of flame, and setting body and mind athirst for seaboard regions of comparative coolness, came to Figueira to bathe the breathless months away upon her yellow sands, and to lose their money in her gambling salons, are only now flocking home again—bag and baggage, in the most literal sense of the term. Let us spend a moment in the *Estação* of our little town—distant, *Graças a Deus*—two good miles away from the Condados, and watch the motley come-and-go. It is so typically Portuguese that if you were suddenly dropped down from the clouds in its midst you could not possibly imagine yourself in any other land than this.

The dirty, squalid station is thronged with *passageiros*; following in their wake, the impecunious *indigenes*, the halt and the lame, the idiot and the blind, that for ever haunt its precincts in rags indescribable and the hope of turning an unearned penny, have assembled in fuller force than ever, and the shabby, cigarette-smoking officials shout and gesticulate more even than is their usual wont.

The 11.20, the principal morning train, is about to be sent on her way. Red-sashed countrymen are taking their places in her, off to buy or sell bulls at the weekly fair of Montemor, the little town half-an-hour distant, whose name, signifying the Hill of the Moors, is so eloquent of Portugal's historic past. Fisher-girls, in the black velvet-bound turban-shaped hats which keep green the memory of a costume that once was universal, are piling the van high with baskets of fish intended for the markets of Coimbra and Salamanca, under the indolent eye of the Guarda Fiscal, who stands by, trim in his neat uniform of gray and red-piped blue, and with the eternal cigarette alight under his jaunty moustache. But these you may see any day of the week. Not so the gorgeous army of "Banhistas" and "Banhistas" whose exodus is proceeding. Here comes a family party, the father in his black cloth manta with scarlet facings, silver clasps and little shoulder capes, the mother, if she be not in black, gay with all the aniline tints that are *not* of the rainbow. A monstrous hat is perched on the summit of her fantastically arranged pile of coarse and well-greased, jetty hair, her sallow cheeks are pasty with pearl powder and perspiration. The small fry that clamor shrilly in her wake are bedizened into the semblance of miniature fashion plates, with top-heavy hats and frilled and furbelowed garments of violent hue which, regarded doubtless as *le dernier cri* of elegance, certainly scream aloud at their association. Self-possessed to an irritating degree are these imps, and their bold, well-opened eyes, so curiously African of suggestion, will more easily stare you out of countenance than fall abashed beneath your gaze. Each of the travellers is attended by at least three friends who, if the dear departing were bound for immediate execution, could not take leave of them

with greater ado. The ladies kiss effusively, first on one cheek, then on the other; the men embrace with wide-slung arms that revolve like the sails of a windmill; hats are solemnly waved, and handkerchiefs frantically fluttered till the air is piebald with black and white flourishes; attitudes are struck, adieux are screamed (if one is to believe in the transmigration of souls, there can be no doubt that the Portuguese in a previous state of existence was a peacock), and tearless eyes are wiped. All the panoply of woe has been displayed, when discovery follows that it was only the first of three warning bells which rang. So the performance recommences, to continue till the second bell sounds and then—*da capo*.

These might be a party of female emigrants laden with all their worldly goods who stand meanwhile apart—barefooted, muffled in shapeless shawls and their brows bound with cloths, whose gaudy colors throw into strong relief the olive of rounded cheeks, and the jet of straying locks of hair. Were they less sturdy, less firmly planted on their finely-formed feet, less strong of limb, they would bend beneath the loads they carry, instead of walking erect with the gait of an empress and the supple grace of a young pinetree. Notice the girl in the kirtle of strong green woollen, upkilt to show a broad band of crimson petticoat, and half covered by a crimson apron patterned in white. A shawl of emerald green, gaily striped with pink and white, swathes the upper part of her body as a canary-colored handkerchief does her head. In one hand is a battered portmanteau, in the other a carpet-bag, wherein purple roses and sulphur geraniums bloom resplendent from a background of magenta wool. Pendant from one arm is a huge bag of cotton patchwork, stuffed to its fullest capacity; poised on her head is a basket

piled high with pots and pans. Her companion, a portly person in skirts of scarlet, sky-blue shawl and orange kerchief, is gravely statuesque under the weight of a wooden trunk, while a bundle of bedding is clutched tight under the left arm, and her free hand grasps the mouth of another bag, made apparently—probably indeed *de facto*—from the pattern book of a Manchester firm. I gaze at these poor women with compassion in my heart for those who are surely preparing to leave their native shores for some distant colony, till it suddenly dawns upon me that instead of being homeless wanderers they are the retainers of the senhors and senhoras, who are taking such touching farewell of their friends and acquaintance.

Quite a golden harvest is gleaned by the native who can spare one or two furnished rooms (unfurnished, I should call them, but that is by the way!), or a tiny flat during Figueira's busy season, and many are those who flock hither to minister to the wants of more pecunious visitors. This *donna* who tramps by, straight as a lath under the head-borne burden of an iron stove, while she is hung thick as any travelling tinker with tins and baking sheets, is the servant of a lady who has paid her rents, by making the prawn-patties, the puffs filled with *ovos molles*, and the delicious *pao de l'or* or "golden bread" (anglicized: sponge-cake)—for which she possesses time-honored recipes; and she who follows, with a valise riding triumphantly aloft, and the roll of blankets in whose one hand is counterpoised by a tower of bonnet boxes in the other, is the assistant of the beetle-browed person who keeps such watch and ward over her movements. While the *Senhora Modista* has passed her mornings in the surf of the Atlantic and her evenings in the Casino, her afternoons have been employed in retailing the latest "Parisian" millinery to

the rank and fashion of Figueira, or in twisting and twirling home-hoarded fragments of silk and satin into fashionable form.

Further up the platform is a group of Spaniards. You will have guessed the nationality of the women by the coquettish glance of lovely eyes that are darkly, languorously lustrous, by the beautiful curve of the most enchanting full red lips that ever lured man to his destruction, no less than by the simple elegance of the plainly made black dress, the *mantilha* so gracefully disposed over hair black and glossy as the raven's wing and the glowing carnation that confines its folds. These women are dancers from Seville, who, having displayed the trim ankle and arched instep of Andalusia nightly throughout the season at the Casino, are now homeward bound. So, too, is the company of bull-fighters close by. No mistaking the profession of these gentlemen of the short jackets and fringed sash-girdle, of the skin-tight breeches, broad-brimmed sombrero and tiny pigtail, of the low forehead and thick necks, which in themselves suffice to suggest their co-partners in the national pastime. These *toureiros* have turned their time to good account in their tour of the arenas, which are to be found in every Portuguese town, however small, and they will be able to live a life of golden ease throughout a winter whose cold is often more keenly felt than in lands where the thermometer falls habitually below zero.

If you have ever travelled in Portugal you cannot fail to have been struck (not, perhaps, in the Cosmopolitan Sud Express, but in the ordinary *Rapidos*, save the mark! to say nothing of the *comboios mistos*) by the ubiquity of the patchwork bag which seems to serve the purpose of portmanteau, dressing-case, and luncheon basket to the Portuguese when his foot is abroad on his native heath. This is the receptacle in

which he carries the small impedimenta of his perilous enterprise (he still, by the way, makes his will with due solemnity when on the eve of travel in foreign parts; and we never fail to send our servants with anxious inquiry after the welfare of such of our excellent and illustrious friends who have returned in safety from a journey of two or three hours); and whether it be the samples of beans and maize he is taking to the fair at the nearest market town, the toothbrush and clean collar that equip him for a visit to the gay metropolis, the biscuits and "*Marmelata*" that sustain him on the way, or the bundles of greasy native notes (beginning at a value of 10s.), and the English sovereigns so eagerly sought and carefully hoarded in a country that has no gold of her own, that are to be exchanged for scrip or bond, all rides comfortably in the patchwork bag. Potent, grave and reverend Senhors, pillars of State, dignitaries of the Church, legal luminaries, university professors, no less than the peasant on his way to market, and the private soldier on furlough—one and all are equipped with the national hold-all, which proves as capacious and variously prolific as the immortal bag from which Mrs. Swiss Family Robinson supplied the wants of her progeny on a desert island in the midst of the Pacific. Were I to come across the King himself *en voyage* I should expect him to seek his pocket-handkerchief in the depths of a many-colored cotton sack pendant from his left arm, while the refreshment he would surely offer me would emerge from the same hiding-place.

And very much surprised should I be if he did not press an apple or its seasonable equivalent on me, for your true Portuguese, worthy descendant of the courteous East, will never embark on his own apology for a meal—be it of the simplest character and scantiest pro-

portions—without begging his fellow-travellers to do him the extreme honor of partaking, and if acceptance of such hospitality is not always expected or even desired, the most gracious thing to do, in nine cases out of ten, is to help yourself to a grape or a "*bolacha*" the while you call upon Heaven to shower blessings on your benefactor. Your own repast, *bien entendu*, must be similarly proffered to one and all of the occupants of your compartment. You may be sure no undue advantage will be taken of your invitation, but cordial relations will be established, and everything is now comfortable all round.

How gracefully and genuinely friendly—in the intervals of sharpening the knife of murder, of loading the revolver of assassination, of preparing the bomb of wholesale slaughter—are these Portuguese! Many are the instances of extraordinary and most delicate kindness received that rise up in the cinematograph of memory. And the fact that they were showered upon that sternly disapproved product of hated Albion, the unprotected female, walking unabashed in public thoroughfares, made them all the more amazing. Can I, for instance, forget the smart and distinctly handsome Non-Com. who, in answer to my barely intelligible appeal for direction to the old Tower of Belem, which hangs with such ruggedly picturesque effect over the shining expanse of Tagus, insisted on devoting two precious hours of his afternoon's leave to squiring me to all the sights, and only parted from his adopted charge after presenting her with a railway ticket back to Lisbon, for which he absolutely refused repayment? Or the soldierly old gentleman of benign aspect, fellow-traveller from Madrid to Lisbon, who surreptitiously paid for the lunch I enjoyed so much at Alcantara, the frontier station, and whom only a determined man-hunt re-

vealed and obliged to accept reimbursement? Or the kindly folk of Luzo, of whom I shall ever think with peculiar and quite affectionate gratitude, and how they bestowed courtesies innumerable, and by way of special consolation, two exquisite bouquets on the solitary female who sat, stranded and forlorn, on the top of her box at their little roadside station in slowly waning expectation of the cavalier that never came? Many are the bright threads that unlooked-for kindness and courtesy have contributed to the web woven from the memories of half a lifetime's wandering—but nowhere have I found more spontaneous and charming consideration for the wayfarer than under the sunny skies of the Peninsula.

If, to quote the Portuguese saying, "Sun and flies are the two things that are necessary to the success of a good bull fight" (*sol e móscas é o que é preciso para uma boa Tourada*) it is difficult to realize that such joys are, with the season, over, till St. John opens the ball again next year on June 24, the most popular feast of the Portuguese Calendar. Neither flies nor sun were lacking as I drove down to Buarcos one day last week, and Chica, our gallant little pony, whisked his tail incessantly, in vain endeavor to circumvent his tormentors. We went down lanes, deeply rutted by the slowly revolving wheels of heavy ox-carts, and fringed with sprawling aloes which, languid in the heat of afternoon, resembled stranded octopuses extending livid tentacles in search of prey. The wretched village to which we presently came looked doubly squalid under the rays which mercilessly revealed dirt and disorder indescribable, and drew sickening emanations from the heaps at cottage doors—heaps in which fish-heads and empty cockleshells were the most reputable elements. Squatting on the thresholds of the low, square hovels, so dazzling white, or gaily

tinted with pink or buff, the female population of Buarcos pursued their occupations, here drawing a listless needle through some unspeakably tattered garment, or chasing small deer through the happy hunting ground of a neighbor's head, as it lies in a red cotton lap, there indulging in gossip and gesticulating as the wire-like, hooked knitting-needles dived in and out of a slowly-proceeding stocking, or gazing, impassive, and motionless as if carved out of stone, out from beneath black-hooded brows, over the broad expanse of ocean. For the Atlantic lies at our feet, its gently heaving bosom agleam with the sheen of faint blue satin, as it breaks in languid ripples on the amber beach. But if the sun, still high in the heavens this superb October day, betrays with scorching scorn each shameless secret of domestic filth and degrading squalor, it also lends additional radiance to the Turkey reds and rose pinks of kirtle, and the buff and yellows of kerchief, to the vivid blues and grass-greens of shawl and apron, and evokes strange gleams from the ornaments of pure gold that hang from ear or on bosom. The men who lounge by, idle in the intervals of a fisherman's life of spasmodic energy, are a complete foil to the brilliance of their wives and sweethearts, the customary Masaniello cap of scarlet-bound black or green, with point falling to the shoulder, and an occasional red sash as substitute for braces, being the only picturesque features of their dress. But very personable fellows, nevertheless, are these toilers of the sea—tall, well-knit of frame, bold of eye, and their natural swarthiness bronzed by constant exposure to wind and weather. Somewhat lowering is their expression till a smile casts sudden illumination over the mahogany cheek and scowling mouth. Then—oh, the magic of the Latin smile! Especially where, as here,

the Latin wooed the Kelt in the days of a prehistoric past. It is as individual as the laugh that marks the Teuton, and what a miracle it works! Two of the ugliest men I have ever seen—my travelling companions in the Peninsula—(they are at the opposite ends of the social scale, and one is a king)—were instantaneously transformed into the most captivating of persons when a smile lit up their uncomely countenances. The charm worked by the guffaw, so typically German, is not exactly the work of a well-meaning Fairy.

Just at the point where Buarcos merges into the breezy little seaport town of Figueira da Foz, a gentle eminence rising in the angle formed by their junction overlooks the sweep of the Atlantic. Its turquoise mirror is bounded on the south by the quaint old fortress of S. Caterina, guardian once, though now dismantled, of the broad, navigable Mondego; on the north by the bold slate cliffs of the Cape for which the river stood sponsor. To-day the promontory is but a purple shadow plunging into depths of sparkling peacock-blue. On the brow of the slopes which thus overlook both Buarcos and Figueira the *Praca de Touros* sits enthroned, its walls—honey-golden in the sun, richly umber in the shade—sharply defined against a sky of purest cobalt.

Everyone knows that the bull-ring—architecturally considered—is a survival of the arena of ancient Rome, and is built practically on the same lines as the Coliseum that saw the struggle of the gladiator and the martyrdom of saint and virgin. The bull-ring of Figueria differs only in size from more important specimens of its kind. It can accommodate 3000 spectators, on circular tiers of seats, each tier rising above and behind each other, and all commanding uninterrupted view of the scene of action. The price of the

places varies in inverse proportion to their exposure to the sun, the shady seats costing 1000 reis (i.e. 4s.) each, while those that afford no shelter from the rays that beat down so pitilessly throughout the long afternoon of a Southern summer may be had for 300 or 400 reis. A special podium is the privilege of the local big-wigs, the band occupies a similar one, and the shady half of the highest tier is divided also into boxes, each containing six places. The lowest circle of seats is raised well above the arena, and is further protected from the possible attacks of an infuriated bull by an intervening couloir topped on the near side by a stout iron railing. Should the bull, as sometimes happens, succeed in jumping over the first barrier, he finds himself in this narrow, curving passage, unable to turn or to gain impetus for a fresh leap. Four great gates open into the arena, one is reserved for the *Cavalleiros*, who, in their superb dresses—many of them of great antiquity, some even heir-looms—are mounted on really fine horses (very different these from the doomed hacks of a Spanish *Tourado*) make a brave show as they ride round the ring, bowing their *torpesas*, and their steeds sidling along so as to continually face the spectators. By the second portal the *Bandarilheiros*, or *capinhos*—a word derived from the scarlet capes with whose flourishes they seek to inflame the fury of the bull, aides-de-camp of the *toureiro* proper—make their appearance, while the third and fourth, the one for his entrance and the other for his exit, are sacred to the hero of the day.

Ten bulls are required for one *Tourado* and they take it in turn to contribute their share of the entertainment. Brought in some days previously from the country in a practically wild condition, they pass the interval in solitary confinement, each in its own small den

at the back of the arena. This cell is furnished with a portcullis door which gives access to the narrowest of narrow passages. When the great day comes the portcullis is drawn up—no man dare venture in this circumscribed space to approach the savage creature—and the bull, maddened by imprisonment after the free life of the *Campanha*, dashes along the only outlet open to him, and emerges in the ring.

Bull fights have been too often described for me to hope to find anything fresh to say on the subject. I will limit myself to pointing out the essential difference between the Portuguese *Corrida* and that of Spain. Here horses take little but a ceremonial and decorative part in the performance, and seldom, if ever, are allowed to suffer injury. If the *Cavalleiro* loses the fine three-cornered hat decked out with plumes that covers his powdered hair, absence of plait, by the way, distinguishes the Portuguese bull-fighter from his Spanish *confrère*, or if he allows his foot to slip from the stirrup, the *vox populi* demands that he alight from his horse and continue the combat on foot, as a penalty for losing the calm demeanor that should mark the perfect cavalier. The horns of the bull being tipped, his powers of inflicting mortal injury are greatly discounted, and he himself is spared to become an old campaigner. Having fought the good fight, he is decoyed off the scene by cows trained for the purpose. From these he is easily again separated by a series of quickly-succeeding portcullises, and in this manner he is enticed out into a green paddock and left to calm down at his leisure.

Many bulls are celebrated for their belligerent talent, and travel about from town to town in order to display it. An old stager may easily be known by the tranquil, almost *blasé*, air with which he trots into the ring—the frenzied excitement of the *débutant* alto-

gether absent—while the bored expression on his face seems to say, "What utter fools these people are! Why cannot I be left to the bovine pursuits which are all I ask of life? Well, I suppose I've got to humor them." But, when once he warms to his work, judgment, agility and courage in full measure are needed before exhaustion leaves him at the mercy of his adversary.

Even after the duel that has resulted in the victory of the *toureiro* there is often plenty of fight left in the bull, as the *mogos de forcada*—(the interior attendants of the ring, so called from the forked goads they carry)—find, who sometimes, a short breathing space having been accorded the wearied animal, obtain permission to essay their skill on him.

Their object is to leap—facing the bull—on to his head between the horns, and success is generally recognized by a shower of copper coins flung into the arena. Some *mogos* there are that accomplish this feat with a backward leap, and frenzied is the acclamation that greets one of these, as he alights on the brow of the snorting, pawing creature; but it is said that such temerity is generally born of the "Dutch courage" otherwise so alien to the character of the Portuguese.

Though the absence of extreme cruelty and the more equal footing of man and beast differentiate the bull-fight of Portugal from that of her sister country, there is nevertheless a strong element of danger to the *Toureiro* and of suffering to the bull. The latter receives many a painful prod, if he appears reluctant to rise to the occasion, and the wounds thus caused are subsequently treated with salt and vinegar in a manner that causes exquisite pain. The bull, if not exactly "butchered," is undoubtedly "tortured to make a public holiday," and the Portuguese cannot be altogether absolved from the charge

of inhumanity. But who is the average man, whatever his nationality and whatever form his passion for chase and combat may take, that shall throw the first stone at him?

The sun was sinking fast as I returned to the Condados. Chica had gone to her rest, and I had been permitted the unwonted luxury of a solitary walk. The octopus aloes were throwing long, fantastic shadows athwart the road, and the contours of the hard-baked banks that border it glowed like red-hot copper in the level beams. The air had that light, yet dewy quality, that union of freshness and velvety balm, suggestive of champagne allied to green curaçoa, which, except in Corsica, I have never found elsewhere but in Portugal. As I hastened homeward—night falls quickly in these latitudes—I met the Padre. He is great at sports, ruddy and stalwart, and tall, as a mighty huntsman before the Lord ought to be. The spoils of his gun are frequently laid at Donna Emilia's shrine—rabbits, wild ducks and hares making their bow at odd moments, with his Reverence's *complimentas*. He does not present them himself—that would be improper, seeing that my aunt is a widow and only eighty-three. I once ventured on a joke—a very poor, timid, little half-fledged joke—on the attentions thus paid her by her clerical admirer, considering them, as I said, almost as pointed as the cauliflowers cast at Mrs. Nickleby's feet. The silver-haired old lady drew herself up with a gesture of inimitable dignity, and the soft pink in her pretty cheeks positively deepened as: "You know, my dear," she said, with all the severity of which a shocked dove might be supposed to be capable, "you know how *much* I enjoy a little joke; but there *are* limits, and you must *never* say such a thing again, even in fun. Only *think*, if any one who understands English were to hear you! You don't

know *what* construction might not be put upon your words!" After which warning it certainly *was* indiscreet on my part to stop the *Senhor Vicario* when he and I met on the King's highway. Donna Emilia and I had feasted lately off a couple of partridges which, having fallen to his gun, had made their way to our table, and the memory of the savory meats rising up before me as our benefactor strode round the corner, I stopped to return thanks for our good dinner. The champagne and the green Chartreuse must certainly have gone to my head! How was it else possible that I could so forget myself? I ought to have remembered that I was alone, in a land against whose social conventions I was already sinning sufficiently by indulgence in unescorted promenade, and that it was, in the highest degree, unseemly for unchaperoned woman to extend the hand of friendship to a man be he ten times the Padre and the Keeper of our Consciences. But if I did not remember it, he did. I could not conceive what ailed the decent man, and was somewhat affronted by his evident desire to cut short the pretty things I was painfully constructing out of my very elementary Portuguese. "It is clear," I thought, "that fat and forty, with her spectacles and her gray hair hath no charms to soothe this savage breast." Not till my return to the Condados did I realize that I had hopelessly compromised myself. Had I even been accompanied by one of my own sex, my behaviour would have been improper, but alone, unattended, in a country whose jealousy of its women is one of the most marked characteristics inherited from Moorish ancestry, to stop a man in public places, to endeavor to lure him into conversation and meet and part with a handshake, was to lose the small remnant of reputation my extraordinary passion for independence had left me. Unluckily, the scene, so

distressing to all who know how to value feminine modesty and decorum, was enacted immediately under the windows of the *Cuartel*, or barracks, and, as soldier sweethearts are at as high a premium in the Peninsula as elsewhere, the shocking news would probably reach the ears of all the mis-

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tresses of Figueira by nightfall. Mercifully, *jai le bon dos*, and Donna Emilia finds comfort in the knowledge that her friends and neighbors will only tap their foreheads significantly, and remark that, after all "*todes os Ingleses sao pouco mais ou menos doidos!*" (all the English are more or less mad).

Constance Leigh Clare.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BOOK II.

THE CHANCES OF THE ROAD

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHER LEA'S COTTAGE AND GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

The winter sunrise made Royal Ruby of the small diamond panes in the tiny lattice; a splash of color fell across the face of the patient. He frowned in sleep and sneezed faintly, opening his eyes thereafter and blinking with that large incertitude which is conceded to a soul which has been for some days upon furlough. Who was he? Where was he? Upon his right a little cone of dust was spinning in the up-draught to the chimney; the back-log glowed dully through its coat of ash which still retained the shape of last night's billet. He was himself, right enough, and this was the old life again (he had had his dreams—drear dreams, and had awaited a worse awakening). But where was he? These web-draped ceiling beams recalled something—seemed half-familiar. The mantle-shelf drew his eye, a crock, a gray-beard, its broken mouth stopped with a screw of paper, filled him with comfort: he not only knew himself, but his whereabouts, and heard within an aching head the broken pieces of his consciousness getting into contact and rearranging their contiguities, not without twinges.

It was all right, then, so far. That crock gave reassurance. He might re-

lax the brain tension. The last impulse given to nerves warning them of the need for flight or fight, eased off. He felt the bed beneath him was his own for another hour, and dozed.

Later he aroused again. Was it ten minutes after, or upon another day? He knew not, but the sense of comfort remained. But curiosity was now awake: these arms of his, what hampered them? Fetters? No, *bandages*. They had let him blood, then; but what had happened? He recalled nothing, neither scuffling nor sickness. This was the house of friends, a familiar house, though its name still eluded him; but the crock was still there.

A slight movement beside him drew a slow-rolling eye. A man, an elderly man, a stranger, sat in the oaken settle, where, by the look of things, he had sat all night, for he was unshaven and weary-eyed: a grim, elderly fellow, thought Repton. (Oh, he was sure of himself by this time, and was "Repton" right enough, as well as several other names and nicknames. He had discarded them all, had had his doubts of himself, and had sailed dark seas under strange colors during that furlough.) Yes, a plain, elderly person, but with something of the gentleman about him too; though what a gentleman, save a Gentleman of the Road, should be doing at Mother Lea's, was

beyond him. That particular thread of wonder snapped, another tingled weakly. "Tod!" he muttered, and was extraordinarily surprised at the sound of his own voice.

The stranger turned alertly, but silently, and took in the position. "The boy is all right, sir; he brought you here. Yes, and the horse is seen to; so off to sleep again!"

"I thank you," murmured the patient, and slept, but had given the half of himself away with those three words.

"A man of condition," ruminated Justin. "Come, there's the more to be made of him."

At his next arousing the sick man was clear in his wits, and had made a long march towards convalescence. His nurse, who in the meantime had washed and shaved himself, made shift to do as much for his patient, who, thus obliged, grew three years younger at a jump, as your dark man does upon emerging from the lather. There is no half-way house for our self-respect; 'tis either beard or clean scrape for us. The amateur barber surveyed his work with pardonable pride. His trove was improving under his hands; no prodigal this with the scents of the swine about him; no sal-low, plumped jail-escape, but a taking youngster, a pretty fellow, with well-formed, unspoilt features, broad, low forehead faintly depressed above the springing of the nose as if by recent trouble, but with that peculiar supr-orbital development which the Greeks gave to their statues of Hermes—a straight, fine nose, with the flexible nostrils of the artist, each with its well-turned wing, and the small firm mouth that men admire and women love, with an inheritance of race upon its short upper lip. The face ended well below; the rounded chin came forward boldly, but not aggressively; the jaw was square, but just failed of pug-nacity; 'twas the face for a friend; you

would have trusted that boy at sight. Justin did, despite his story, known and unknown.

"I've dropped into the middle of a sad tale, I doubt," thought he, surveying his work as he wiped his razor. "There were mistakes on both sides went to the ravelling of such a skein as this. Is it just possible that I am sent to unravel it? 'Fore God, I'll stick to the lad and do what a man may to set him on his feet again. What else was John Company's big grant made to me for, eh? Say that I should be getting forward with my own affairs; 'tis but a brace of needles in a bottle of hay that I'm after, and I am all as likely to put my hand upon 'em at this end of the rick as the other. . . . Heaven help me!" "Twas the man's daily, nay, his hourly prayer.

Another day's company-keeping of this chance-met pair drew on; the patient slept much and obeyed silently when aroused. Mother Lea and her son Tod pottered in and out expectant: their weather-burned, expressionless masks betrayed little, their behavior much. The nurse effaced himself, his charge ruminated, a spiritual crisis in progress. Before the afternoon waned he turned his face upon the bolster and spoke.

"May I ask, my dear sir, to whom I am indebted for all this?"

Justin, in the window-seat, turned from the light and, laying down the pocket Testament in which he was reading, gave his name and rank; no more.

"Ye are reading in a good old book, sir; may I beg you to read to me? I am obliged to you. The tenth of Luke's Gospel, then, if you will, and near the end. 'A certain man,' ye know."

The Major read, his patient listened; and when he spoke next it was after a long pause which the reader had mistaken for sleep. "A good story, sir; I

thank you; oh, an excellent story; but I think I could tell you as good. That stranger whom the other put himself about to serve was a plain, honest journeyman; we know nothing to his discredit, anyway. The good fellow paid for his nursing, and he did well, for an honest man is one picked out of ten thousand, as the play has it. But what shall we say of a gentleman who lifts a dying rogue from the rut and nurses him with his own hands?"

"Hush, my lad; you are exciting yourself. Your head—"

"Rings sound again, sir, and by your leave will lie the easier after I've told ye my story." He told some of it, Justin nodding sympathetically.

"I am a blackguard and a footpad, Major Justin; let us start fair."

"And, before that."

"Nay, I'll not extenuate. You see what I am."

"So much is evident—was evident. Come, sir, you have told me nothing that I did not know. Regard me as your doctor, not your farrier," he smiled encouragingly. "I can see the symptoms without your help, but need your help for their history. How did this disease begin? And what has been its courses? In a word, what brought ye to this?"

"Temper. I was up at Oxford, at Christ Church, as servitor ('tis a dog's life, but let that pass). A gentleman commoner insulted me; I demanded satisfaction; he passed my cartel to his tutor; the dons were scandalized; I was sent down."

The curt, unemotional terms of the recital did not deceive Justin; some tragedy lay behind. He waited; it came.

"It hit me somewhat hard, for I've no backers. My mother dead; of two aunts one doing more than her share, and one—well, an old cat among her cats. Yes; it fell inconveniently for a man in his fourth year just going up

for his degree." Again the sick man stopped, it might be to command his voice. Presently he resumed: "You have been young, sir. Meeting my man in Tom Quad the day I went down, my temper got the better of me; I beat him handsomely." There was a spark of very human satisfaction in the youth's eye; in a moment it was gone. "That put the fat upon the fire. A warrant was out for me. I had to look to myself. What was a fellow to do? I was hungry enough before night, I assure ye. 'I could not dig, to beg I was ashamed.' It presently came to—this. And now, sir, I think ye know the worst of me."

"My lad, I am honored by your confidence. It pleases me more than . . . hum, hum . . . And, now, what next? . . . You would hardly have gone so far as this with me unless ye had something of a purpose, or plan (what ye will) . . . for amendment, I mean. Tell me no more than ye wish; but ye may like to hear from the lips of a old fellow (as I suppose ye would call me) that a bad start is not seldom well retrieved. I have seen life. I could tell ye of many a career begun better and ended worse; and on t'other hand, of a friend of my own" (Old John Chisholm's name came to the front as he spoke, but was ordered to the rear), "who began worse, but is now a person of large means and excellent consideration. Ye seem weary of your way of life."

"Both weary and ashamed, sir. What ye say heartens me to make the attempt. Lying here, I have thought it out. It would appear that Almighty God, for reasons of His own, has given me back my life. (By the plaster at the back of my head 'twould seem to have been a near thing.) I swear to ye I am not worth the consideration, but He thinks otherwise; has a better opinion of me, we'll say. After all, He made me, He knows. The least I can

do is to justify His preference. You see with me? Naturally. Well, then—" a long pause, "I am His man henceforth." Another long pause. "First, for restitution. Luckily I am but a beginner at this devil's trade, and can lay my hand upon those whom I've robbed. You smile? But I've kept tally. They shall be repaid—as I can manage."

Justin's eyes shone, but he held his peace. The calm assurance of this youngster took him: he doubted his ultimate success no more than his penitence.

"But, sir, my last crime was serious. Tell me, when ye stripped me was there no shamoy belt upon me? None? Then 'twas taken from me as I lay on the road. A pity, for I had promised myself . . . But, things might have been worse, the best are still under my hand"—his eyes turned to the mantelshelf. "Might I ask . . . would ye be so good as to reach down that crock, so, . . . and to empty it upon the quilt? I thank you."

A handful of many-colored stones slid clicking forth, such as Justin, who since his trusteeship had made acquaintance with the uncut gems of the Orient, had never seen before. These, as he guessed, were antiques, valuable not so much for their material, nor for their size—although most were large—as by reason of their artistry and rarity. There by his hand lay one which he could vaguely appraise, an inch-broad plasma, its grass-green translucency miraculously sculptured into the semblance of a sleeping nereid. Most were camel, pale, banded chalcedonies, or crimson-and-white sardonyxes, agates, carnelians, and sards, all of which seemed to have been subjected to some process which had rendered them plastic as gum, or tender as cheese, and to have thus lent themselves to the delicate tooling of Greek fingers before resuming their

native hardness. The sick man touched one and another, frowning perplexedly.

"Whoever has lost these will be missing them badly," suggested Justin.

"From what I have heard of him I should say so too, nor will he be satisfied with the return of these. There were twice as many more in that belt of which I was robbed. *Robbed!*" he laughed softly, "*Quis tulerit Gracchos?*—You must know that these, and the rest, are the property of the father of the gentleman commoner of whom I spoke. They were stolen from him by his domestic chaplain, an old school-fellow of mine—no, not a friend by any means, nor colleague (I have worked single-handed). I had no finger in the business. As for my knowing of it, my lord advertised his loss England over; never was such hue and cry, or such rewards. That was a month ago; my part came later, yesterday was it?—or a week since? How long have ye had me here? I ran into my old enemy and relieved him of his brush. (No treason in that, sir. He was a brute to us lower boys at Shrewsbury; we warned him when he went down we would be even with him some day.) As I was saying, I stripped him of his spoils. 'Twas delicious; you would have laughed yourself, sir—the deplorable figure he cut!" The bed shook to the sick man's silent mirth. "In my own mind I proposed to hold these things to ransom, to get some of my own back upon them, you understand."

"Hard upon the father, sir."

"So I can see now. At the time I said, 'All in the family.' But, how to return 'em? These without the rest? My Lord may refuse to accept my explanations, eh?"

"May I ask his name. 'Lord Duddingstone?' What, the Vice-Chairman of the East India Company? I wonder . . ." the Major fell into a brown

study, from which he presently emerged. "It occurs to me that I might be of service to both sides in this. Oh, I am known to your man, in a way. I think he would at least give you a patient hearing whilst in my company."

"Hush!" murmured Repton softly, lifting a warning finger, his face grown keen as a knife. The Major cocked a campaigner's ear, for the delicate wintry silence which normally lay around their retreat was disturbed by a new voice.

"No, dame, I'll stand it no longer. Ye shall not fob me off with a—Listen to me, I say! Where are your manners? I'd overlook your absence from church if ye'd give me your word that ye'd go nowhere else. But to have people of mine following these Ranter! Blind me, 'tis past hearing! What am I here for? Tell me that?"

"For your tithe, as I'e allus heerd, passon."

"Woman, I am set for the guidance of this parish."

"Something of a blind guide at times, eh, sir, bean't ye?"

"We're human, dame, and have each of us his faults. You, I perceive, have added to your old ones this new methodistical vice of picking holes in the coats of your betters. Not that I profess myself perfect, Heaven forbid! Often and often I have told you and the rest, 'Don't ye do as I do; do as I say.'"

"Ay, ay, sir, the old story of the handy-post, showing of the way but ne'er follerin' of it! But, beggin' of your pardon, sir—"

"So ye ought, dame, and not for your impertinence only. 'Tis schism, ye have fallen into; d'ye hear?"

"La, passon, they've bin a-foolin' on ye again. I ain't fell inter nary ditch, wet nor dry, since I found salvation and giv' up going to the Griffin. Do that woman's ale be too strong for

your head to-day, sir? There be the same chair inside as you have slep' it off in afore. Step in and welcome."

"Tehar! But, these new friends of yours, these Ranter, what have ye learnt of them?" asked the other, finding the homely creature his overmatch at a mutual inspection of personal frailties.

"Why, sir, afore I went with they People of God, as you calls Ranter, I was that ign'ant . . . I was that ign'ant . . ." (searching Heaven and earth for a similitude) "I was as ign'ant as what you be now!"

"That is enough! And don't think you've done with me. Woman, I know that about ye as might bring ye to the stocks, ay, and to the jail, if not to the gallows. 'Tis reported of ye that ye harbor disorderly characters and suspected persons. Aha! that touches ye, does it? I'd hate to lay an information against a parishioner, or to bring trouble into my parish. I'm not one to go out of my way to help the exciseman. The King may do his own business, and I'll do mine. I know that an honest widow-woman must live, and need not in a general way ask too closely who knocks late for a bed, nor about his horse, nor where he came from, nor whom he met by the way. But this Methodism is another guess matter, and I must do my duty and stand by the law, dame. A suspected person is what they call your lodger."

"Then, they as calls him so calls him out of his name, passon. As an honest, God-fearin', Christ'n woman, I'll take my Bible-oath as there bean't one breath o' s'picion about ary person as I've had on my place this two year."

"Humph!" growled the clergyman, and stumped away.

"S'picion, indeed! I never had none; 'twere certainty!" said the housewife beneath her breath as she clattered off upon her clogs.

The eyes of the listeners met; the roguish gleam in Repton's faded to a steady gravity; he arose upon his elbow, collected his breath and made essay of his strength. Holding by the newell of the settle that filled one side of the hearth, he stendied himself with a swimming head.

"There spoke Mother Church, sir. I know the weight of her hand; 'tis 'miching malecho, which means mischief.' I must be off." He reached for his clothes.

Nor too soon. Three hours later the taciturn, wooden-faced Tod opened the door and led in from the yard naught less than Repton's horse, bitted and saddled. The good beast, fat and in excellent case, got his master's wind and blew him a kiss and a low nasal murmur of friendly recognition before submitting to be led past his couch and so on through an inner door into a narrow and almost dark lean-to closet adjoining—a place wherein he could hardly lift his head nor could think of turning himself about, but which possessed the compensating advantage, shared with the pigeon-cote and draw-well, of being one of the three last places in the parish where one would look for a horse.

"As near as all that?" inquired the invalid of the boy upon his reappearance.

"They be all round the house, sir. . . . Didn't see us come in, I reckons. 'Tother nag may speak for herself. But where be I to put you, sir?"

"Don't give a thought to such a trifile; I'm not caught yet by a lot. Just you get out of this, my good Tod, and be looking the young innocent ye are."

The lad grinned and slouched forth, hands in pockets. Justin arose and moved to the window. A man was in the act of entering the stable; two others were approaching the house. He knew their sort. He turned him

about; the room was empty; not a latch had clicked, but his patient was gone, silent and light as a fox.

The campaigner's eye swept the apartment, but found no clue to his man's hiding-place, nor, what was at least as important, any hint that another than himself had used the room since a week. He drew easier breath: this thing might yet go well. "Attack's the word; we offer battle," said he smiling to himself; and opening the door to the yard, stepped forth sedately, leaving it wide behind him.

The number of visitors had increased. The Major, hand in fob, gazed serenely over the heads of three catchpoles and caught the eye of the parson behind them.

"Good-day to your reverence! . . . And, what can I do for you? And what, may I ask, is your man doing with my mare?"

The parson and his constables finding themselves accosted by an unarmed middle-aged personage of a most peaceable address, whose every word and gesture bespoke breeding and the assurance engendered by a good conscience, changed countenance and fell to excusing themselves.

"Put her in again, my lad," said Justin, addressing the fellow who had led his beast from her stall. "Yes, yes, . . . I accept your apologies: your duties are your excuse. I myself am a soldier and understand. Insufficient information is apt to lead to mistakes. For your comfort, Master Constable—" he produced his commission. "Justin, you see, is my name, lately landed from the Indies, where I was known as Major of the Thirty-ninth. You are pleased to be satisfied? I thank you. Be so good as to drink this to His Majesty's health, and to mine too, if you will. I wish you all a good-day." He turned without another word or greeting to the clergyman, who could not conceal his chagrin, and

slowly retraced his steps towards the house, his hand again in his fob.

"But, but, he may be, all the same," stuttered the parson in his own defence, in reply to the mute reproach of the catchpole's eye. (To have been fetched upon this fool's errand!)

"Gurrrh! What be the sense o' talkin'? All we've got to go by is a brown blood gelding; the mare's a roan Norfolk. While as for the man, the 'Scholard's' a youngish bloke, six foot in his stockings. *That* the 'Scholard'? If you'll take my humble advice, Mr. Parson, you'll be sort of gently gettin' along home and settin' to at your Sunday's sermon. *That's* what *you* be fit for." The broad shoulders arose in disgust.

Justin from the open doorway watched the invaders off the premises.

"Are they gone, sir," the low musical, laughing tones came down the chimney. It appeared that his patient, having mounted the hearth-side settle, had stepped up into the wide flue, and now was in temporary eclipse, his feet planted securely upon the staple of the roasting-jack.

Young Repton's reformation stood the test of a rapid convalescence. The lad was as hard as a nail and could sit his horse within a week, but there was no looking back. Those hot fever dreams had burnt deep. The man was a changed creature and on fire with a purpose. He had arisen from that cottage pallet-bed with the conviction that a life had been remitted to him, and that that life was no longer his own, but was owed to a Higher Power.

How was it to be spent?

Justin made no suggestions, well content to listen and let the leaven work. They were riding south together.

"You are monstrous good to lay aside your business for me like this, Major; I dare swear 'tis more important than mine, but . . . I'll not pretend that

I'm not depending upon you. You see, with me 'tis a commission or nothing. I'll confess to shrinking from the ranks, yet, God knows it may come to. . . . In peace time a fellow without a name gets no further than the ante-room: but, with you, and this state of things across the herring-pond——"

"And with France upon our backs now——"

"Yes, and Spain talking big, I may get a color if not a cornet. I'm good for nothing else," playing with his rein. "Major, I've not told *ye* my name yet; to know it may cause *ye* embarrassment until I've my pardon. 'Repton' will do as well as another; 'tis a genteel one, and I come of good stock. My poor father, whom I've no clear recollection of, was a soldier. I fear he made mistakes; it runs in the blood. Yes, I'm fit for nought else; besides, I'm due to my King."

"I have seen some service myself," said Justin, with an old campaigner's reticence. "I would as soon see *ye* started on a civil profession. What say *ye* to the Church, now, or the Law?"

"The youngster's face fell. "I'm out of the first, sir, thank God. Had *ye* seen how our Heads drank and carried on at Oxford *ye'd* ne'er set foot in a church again. We've six Archbishops in these Islands; His Grace of York I know nothing for or against, nor of Armagh, Tuam and Cashel. Stone, His Grace of Dublin, is a four-bottle man and the hardest liver out, save Lord Northington, whilst Canterbury's Sunday routs at Lambeth were public scandal until the King stopped 'em. No, thank *ye*! Neither Church nor Bar for me, sir."

War was in the air. Men talked it at table and in the inn-yards, yokels thrashing in the dusty wayside barns laid flat down and leaned across the half-door asking for news. Brown-faced women at the cross-roads were

patiently eager: they had sons in 'Mericky, sons who had sailed with Howe, and never a word had come since.

The unnatural and wounding wickedness of the Colonists filled every heart with a pained anger. These Virginians, for whom we had shed our blood and treasure in two hard-fought campaigns, had turned against us. 'Twas shameful! What was more, they could fight. The stay-at-home English had always understood that in some obscure manner our kin across the sea had lost the peculiarly British inheritance of pugnacity; had hoed it into the rich soil with their tobaccoos, or distilled it out of themselves with their rums. "Colonials can't fight," was a proverb; every old soldier who had served under Braddock would tell you as much over his mug of beer. But events were drumming another tune now. We were wrong, as usual.

And so much of this fighting was of a new and un-English sort. Ambuscades and night attacks, scufflings in covert like poacher and keeper. In other fields we had known whom we fought and seen our foes' faces. You met a Frenchman and broke his head. In the Carolinas it was a messy job. Farmers came snivelling to headquarters with a poor mouth, tales of wrong and damage from rebels, beseeching arms to defend the plantation, or to cover the red-coats' communications; you lent a musket, and next moment the "Loyalist" had skipped behind a tree and was for putting a ball through your gizzard.

Hence the war had grown excessively unpopular, and volunteers proportionately scarce. Even the country gentry hung back. The quality of the commissioned officers had deteriorated, and a lusty youngster of good address and appearance, well backed by a gentleman of influence with a service record of his own, might feel pretty sure

of getting his color without too many questions asked.

"You must be wondering, sir, how I dare to ride the turnpike." The Major admitted as much. "'Tis like this, sir; if there be a warrant out for me, there were never two descriptions that tallied. I had seen that most of the poor fellows who took to the road were betrayed by their women, so I lived quietly; or they betrayed themselves when in liquor, so I drank small beer. Or, again, they were known by the horses they rode, for you cannot disguise a beast's action, and every man can carry the points of a horse in his eye; so what did I? I robbed on foot, and masked, and chiefly by night, but shifted my pitch openly by day, and on horseback, giving out that I was a china-ware painter (and I have put in a week or two at that art between whiles, at Burslem and Worcester). I do assure ye I have rid beside the officer who was out for me, and have discussed my probable identity and movements. Oh, 'twas a life!" He smote his thigh with a laugh. "May God forgive me!"

The fit passed in a moment. The youth's chin sank upon his breast as he rode, his eyes filled and closed tightly. When he opened them again it was to look with a sort of wistful wonder upon an elderly horseman who was passing ('Twas beside the ruined cross that stands in the Horse-fair in Banbury). The man was spare, fresh-colored, and high-featured, a cleric by his mode, and wearing his own white hair as long as many a woman's. He had laid his rein upon his beast's withers and read in a book as he rode.

"Now, sir," said Repton, when this singular figure had passed beyond earshot, "there is a man for you, whom I could have understood believing in so sudden change of heart as I have professed; but, in yourself, who have

seen the world, such credulity surprises me and beats me down."

"And who may this acquaintance of yours be?"

"That is a Mr. John Wesley, The Reverend John Wesley, I suppose one may call him, for they say he is in orders; he was at Lincoln College before my time; oh, a fanatic, if you like, but a marvellous man."

"I never heard the name," replied Justin; "but, then, as you know, I am come back to a new world. But to return to what you are saying. Why should you suppose that such as I should think scorn of a man for a sudden change of front, or have doubt as to his staunchness? We see many strange things upon active service. I, myself, have witnessed a harder heart than your own soften more suddenly. Ay, my lad! 'Twas upon ship-board, in the midst of an action between the frigate in which I came home and a French pirate in the Mozambique Channel. The man I am to tell you of was a petty officer of some sort, a master gunner as I think, a navigator at least (more than a boatswain or quartermaster). I believe he had lost some command in the merchant service before shipping in the Company's Marine. As I recollect, he commanded the after-battery, and would lay each gun with his own hands; and this was the saving of us, for, owing, as our captain said afterward, to the foulness of our bottom, and the superiority of our enemy's model, we were raked early in the action through hanging too long in stays, and by chance lost the captains of four guns."

"That sounds bad for a frigate, sir."

"It might have been worse than 'bad': the men were discouraged. They say one chain-shot took off all the four as they stood, match in hand, waiting for their sights to come on. But this man that I am telling ye of was of such good-will and activity, that as I saw

myself, he was extraordinarily serviceable, springing from gun to gun as each was sponged out and recharged, laying and firing with such judgment and luck that he presently shot away the enemy's fore-top mast, which brought him to the wind and gave us leisure to refit, for we had a main-yard of our own that needed fishing."

"I'm no seaman, sir, but it sounds as if you were now upon an equality. Could you not have improved the advantage?"

"Our captain thought to have done so. Whilst the French were clearing the raffle forward, our men got sail upon us and attempted to get to closer quarters. (Did I say that the enemy had won the weather-gage after making us?) Our after-battery being put out of action we had nought to answer him but our forward battery—bow-chasers, I fancy they called 'em—and to this part of the ship our master-gunner was bid that we might have the advantage of his skill. I went with him, there being nought doing abaft at the moment, and admired at the fellow's cool hardihood as much as ever I admired at anything in my life. Having but five pieces wherewith to reply to the fire of more than twice as many, he was hard put to it to keep his guns' crews to their stations: the casualties were heavy, and the poor Jacks did not stand to their work as stoutly as perhaps they had done had they been better treated and rationed before the action. In the result the officers had to man the guns, the actual laying and firing they had the sense to leave to their master-gunner (Furley was his name, now that I think on't). This man, though wounded twice by splinters, made the best practice that ever I watched, whether ashore or afloat, and fairly beat the Frenchmen from their guns; for when we had got to point-blank range, say, as far from her as yonder tree, the letter-of-

marque, or pirate, was for making off. She had the legs of us, but must pass for a few moments under our broadside, and there was a general expectation that our skilled gunner would improve his opportunity. What think you? When the chase ceased firing (for her guns, save a stern-chaser or two, no longer bore) our champion raised his hat to her and bade her God-speed!"

"You don't say so! Was he hit about the head, sir, or faint?"

"Neither. He professed himself no longer a fighting man; and despite threats and entreaties walked aft to his former station and, sitting down upon the carriage of an overturned gun, covered his face with his hands. Without him we could do but little; in another minute our shot was falling wide. The action was over."

"What excuse had he to offer?"

"Merely that he had at that moment heard a secret Voice forbid him to take the lives of fleeing enemies. Later he went farther, and professed himself a Quaker. His captain was naturally enraged, for he was counting upon making prize of the Frenchman, and there was highish talk of trying him for mutiny, keel-hauling him, and I know not what, but the fellow's services had been so conspicuous, and his conduct up to a point so meritorious, that we all besought his commander to be content with reducing his rating. He lost his berth and was sent to mess with the waisters for the rest of the voyage, but, as I found by speaking to him upon his conduct, he was entirely satisfied and at peace with himself over his refusal of duty; and from being one of the rudest and foulest-mouthed of the ship's company, yes, and the most brutal to inferiors, he had grown all in that moment the most civil and helpful. 'Twas a marvel: we all remarked upon it."

"A brave fellow that, sir. I should

like well to meet with him, and the more so if, as ye say, his right-about-face gave ye warrant to believe in mine."

The Banbury road was free to Repton, but since Carfax might easily recognize the ex-servitor of Christ Church, a detour seemed advisable. Upon the high ground of Little Moor the youth turned in his saddle and gazed long and sadly upon the city wherein he had striven so unavailingly and suffered so keenly.

"There is one man in Oxford whom I would wish to see again; a watchmaker and lapidary, an ingenious tradesman, but too honest to make money. He is a Quaker, and must have known of my performances; indeed I told him how things stood with me, yet he lent me five guineas at my need; yes, without security or reasonable prospect of repayment. A good heart!"

"Him ye shall repay the first, my lad," said the Major.

Riding such stages as Repton's head could stand, they put up at country quarters, and were thrown at times into rough company, which the Major handled with a discriminating tact admired by his companion. He could be prompt, too, on occasion; and when his pacific bearing towards a drunken ostler was misconstrued, the taller fellow was all along upon his face in a trice, whilst the small, cool stranger, with a knee between the aggressor's shoulder-blades, and one back-twisted wrist in chancery, held him down, vociferous but unhurt, until a constable could be fetched.

With others he dealt upon other lines, but with equal success.

At Aylesbury the Lion was full, and every room engaged, for a fight was afoot for the morrow, and the two friends must needs share a harness-room fire with a third traveller, a

bull-faced, bull-voiced person, with just a smack of the sea about him, who alternately smoked and sang snatches of psalms, being, as was evident, in high good humor with himself.

*"Yea, I have run through a troop . . .
a troop,
And by my God have I leapt over a
wall! Selah!"*

Whiff, whiff, whiff.

The weary travellers were just dropping off when the fellow trolled forth again:

*"He teacheth my hands to war and my
fingers to fight,
So that a bow of steel is broken by mine
arms!"*

(One in the eye for they Neatsfooters!) Whiff, whiff.

"My good sir," said Justin, blinking and smiling, "you are in excellent voice, but we would beg of you to let us sleep."

"Sir," replied the other sententiously, "what says the apostle? *'Is any merry, let him sing psalms'*; and I am merry!" whiff . . . whf. . . . "Thou makest my feet like hinds' feet" (in a figure) pushing home a toppling bavin with a broad-toed sea-boot. "I don't mind your sleeping; why should you mind my singing?"

Here Repton opened his eyes and exchanged weary smiles with his friend, who had made up his mind that here was a fish that must be played.

"As to singing, no, sir. We admire music, for ye know, 'The man that hath no music in his soul Is meet for treasons, strategems, and spoils'—yet—"

"It jingles well, but," wagging a ponderous head, "I couldn't lay finger to the passage. Not in the Apocrypha by any chance? I owns to bein' weak there; elsewhere in the Book I be bad to beat. You two be smilin'—tis plain

ye be in high sperrits, and, as I be in the same, I'll tell ye my circumstances, and ye shall rejoice with me (as 'tis written), then we'll praise the Lord and turn in."

"Excellent!" replied the Major, nudging Repton's impatience. "Give us your story first and your leave to sleep after." And the big fellow, knocking the dottel out of his pipe, settled himself in his chair to begin.

"Sirs, ye be gentlemen as any man can see; I be Zabulon Sweetapple, the Lord's servant, and the last, the very last, of the Anointers. Yes—" in reply to Justin's questioning glance at his stained blue coat and tarnished brass buttons, "that's tar on the skirt, for a sailor I be, though born hereabouts, for Chinnor is my native, but, bred to the sea notwithstanding, for my Verse was such as my dad could do no else—Genesis, forty, thirteen, *'Zabulon shall dwell at the haven of the sea, and he shall be a haven of ships.'* And in havens and in ships I does abide as a rule, though happenin' out of a berth through havin' property to dispoge of.

"Twere like this. When I left home as a younker, we Anointers was still a strongish Cause, and had Tents of Blessing all over the Chilterns—Wendover, Ellesborough, Monks Risborough, Watlington, etcetera; but whiles I was in the Indies they falls out among theirselves, seeminly. 'Twas the nature and quality of the ile. One says Neatsfoot; 'tother said Train; so they sorter splits up and diwides the Tents among 'em; and bimeby them muckin' Neatsfooters goes and jines the Latter-day Samaritans." The narrator spat upon the back-log in a disgust too deep for articulate expression.

"But, praise the Lord, my old dad stouted it out to the last. Tarr'ble bad he wor when I came home three weeks back. Seems as if he had no insides, like, and could git no ease. I 'n'ited

The
Old
fore
his
Tent
the
¹ Sal

him and 'n'nted him pretty well all over, but the pains were something crool. So the neighbors they fetches doctor, and he come and stand in the door, a-holdin' of his nose (the moment I sets eyes on him I knows there was no good in he). 'What have you been a-doing to the patient?' sez he, 'N'nting him with the ile o' blessing,' sez I. 'Then you'll foment all that off of him and foomigate this cottage afore I looks at him,' sez he. And nat'rally I speaks up, and off he goes. But the women they cuts arter him and comes back saying we was to poultice father w'l salt of an almanac and puppy-heads.¹ We couldn't find no almanac, but we laid hands on a *Robin Hood and Little John*, and biled he down with Farmer Whinnick's puppies and clapped the mess on, but it done not a mossel o' good.

"You had a-thought, mebbe, as how father was through with his speeretool experiences, but norrabbit. The better the stuff the more it'll stand. Parson comes along and he stands out half across the lane, same as father and the 'hull lot on us had got the pest, and he ups and sez, sez he, 'Sweetapple, arter plzenin' my parish for nine-and-twenty year, your time's come. Hell is gapin' for ye. Now, for the last time, will ye repent and be reconciled to the Church afore 'tis too late?'

"'Oon't,' sez father; 'Christ's my guide. Hallelujah!'

"Then I oon't bury ye,' sez parson.

"'God's will be done,' sez father, kinder thoughtful-like, 'But, I shall stink.'

"And off goes parson.

"So he died, a fortnit back, did father. The werry last of the true line of the Old Anointer elders he were, and before he went to Glory he 'n'nted me in his place, and left me the last o' the Tents, the one as fell to his share at the discorrution. Just a double cot-

¹ Sal Ammoniac and Poppy-heads?

tage gutted and seated, with a parcel of land, but handy, being at cross-roads.

"Them Samaritans comes arter it, but I sez: 'You hain't got the right savour about ye.' (A true anointer can be winded acrost a eight-acre field. Why, when my old dad have bin on his rounds with his Vial o' Blessing in his coat-tail pocket, I've known Squire Ashcroft's foot beagles leave the line of a hare to run hisn. Ah, yes, Train is the true stuff, what the Apostles used of old; Neatsfoot hain't no virtue, no more's a shotten herrin').

"So they sends me one Farmer Winnick, an elder o' theirs, and he says, sez he: 'Young man, p'raps you'll put a rizznable price upon that empty message o' yours, for,' sez he, 'my garden runs down to the fence, and I'd like to throw it into my garden.'

"'Get thee behind me, Ahab,' sez I. 'The Lord forbid that I should sell the inheritance of my fathers for a garden of yerbz.' But he made out as he was merely referring to the burying-ground: the premises might stand empty.

"'Yes,' says I, 'when your Neatsfooters ain't holdin' forth and carryin' on in 'em. This house hev bin called a house of prayer, but ye would make it a den of thieves!'

"You were a trifle severe upon a prospective customer, sir," remarked Repton, interested in spite of weariness.

"Knew me man, sir. He jest smiled and bid me forty-five pound. 'Sell my Tent o' Blessing for forty-five?' sez I, 'Never! not a groat under fifty.' (But, oh, to think of partin' with a place o' washup, wheer often as a child I've set and sweated with dumb terror whilst Elder Juggins held forth upon the Pit o' Yell. Yearnest he wor, ay, that yearnest—when the Power were upon him and a drop o' good yale inside 'um. Fact, if you'll believe me, sirs, when he

come to the opening of the seventh seal
I've sin the spittle fly the length o' this
here room."

"But, the cottage, man," cried Repton, diverted but yawning.

"Ah, yes, about that Tent: it were the Thursday night as we parted, and this evening he were round again. 'Young man,' sez he, 'your prayers is heard. I lain the matter afore the Master, and He sez: "Go thou and give that pore strayed sheep the fifty pound as he axes, for he warnts it wuss nor thou." So, here 'tbe.' 'But,' sez I, 'did the Lord tell ye to do that—exactly that, Mister Winnick? For, to tell you the trewth, you s'prise me. I never did hear yet as the Lord sent His servants on fools' errands, and it stands to reason He must ha' known as how I sold my Tent to Mr. Wesley half an hour arter you refuged it.'

"So here I be with fifty pound in hand, a talent as you might say, and no way wisible o' bein' faithful in a few things and doing a bit o' business with it. This here fight, you'll say—well, I comes along here thinkin' there might be a call for me to-morrow (I have a gift of bone-setting), and I jest run my hand over the Buckinghamshire champion (the Londoner I know the reach of). This chap is big enough and quick enough if so be he'll fight on the

(*To be continued.*)

square, which is just the p'int. No, I puts not a pound on him. But if my old mate, Tom Furley, was a-going to step inter the ring tomorrow, blest if I wouldn't back him for all the Tent made. A rare man is Tom, a sailor-man same as I be, and has gone foreign. So, sirs, I'm back to the sea again, but not till April be out."

"Weather?" hazarded Repton, amused by the fellow's garrulity.

"No, sir, 'tis not fair weather I'd wait ashore for, but for the Mile-Endium, what is due then, as I make it. Fallin' that, I'm for a mate's berth. . . . And, now, gen'l'men, if you'll excuse me, I'll beg ye not to keep me awake no longer."

It was on the day's riding after this episode that the Major closed a long silent mile by slapping his thigh. "Furley!" said he, "Tom Furley! I knew I had heard the name, and it comes to me. That queer fish last night that talked so long and smelt as of train-oil, must have known the master-gunner I told ye of in his unregenerate days."

"Well, sir," said Repton, "saint or sinner, he seems to have been all of a piece; for 'tis a point in a man's favor to fight on the square."

Ashton Hilliers.

SLAVE LABOR ON COCOA PLANTATIONS.

Black slavery is often regarded by the modern man in the same academic light as the character of Napoleon or the Corn Laws of the hungry forties. Vaguely admitting that it exists in remote regions, he holds it to be but little lower than the labor systems obtaining in Europe, and probably adapted to the present stage of development of the lower races. If philosophically inclined, he points out that personal

character, expressing itself and developing in its struggle with material things, is the only ultimate issue of life. He adds that the arena in which this contest is fought is of little consequence; that humanity, however situated, must always suffer—indeed, can only progress through suffering; and that it matters little whether the individual is in an English workshop or on a tropical plantation.

Such a position is fairly logical, and certainly pleasing; but eighteen months of travel in the Portuguese colonies of Angola and S. Thomé, in West Africa, where a system of labor obtains which, though nominally one of free contract, is in reality slavery, has shown me the fallacy of comparing white labor under a competitive system with compulsory black labor as I know it in Portuguese West Africa.

I grant that, considering our national wealth of £200 per annum for each family, the housing, clothing and feeding of a large proportion of our poor is a disgrace, and the fact that the willing worker is unable to get employment a national crime; but I claim that the poorest laborer in Great Britain has privileges which are impossible under slavery.

A short summary of the conditions under the respective systems will confirm this.

The white man has some choice of occupation, and not only knows his legal rights, but demands them from his employer. His person is sacred, and the least violence to the humblest workman brings down severe retribution on the offender and ample compensation to the sufferer. His family life is inviolate, and he has the power to protect the honor of his women. Nearly two-thirds of his time is absolutely his own. He has a voice in the government, and numerically he has the power to control the politics of his country. The State educates his children, and those with exceptional ability can get scholarships at the universities. Character and industry bring him abundant material comfort, and a quicker return in the way of betterment of his position than do the same qualities in the governing classes. He walks the streets as freely as his master and rides in the same public conveyances. He is free to the same church, and his forms of amusement,

allowing for the difference of his means, are similar to those of his employer. If openly insulted he can answer back and vocally consign a would-be tyrant to Hades without fear or favor.

Contrast all this with the lot of the Angola native. Brought down to the coast, often after months of suffering on the way, he goes through the form of entering freely into a five years' contract; but it is the freedom of the traveller who hands out his purse before the pistol of the highwayman. Even if he understood the terms of the document, which he rarely does, he is often in such a state of hopeless despair when he reaches the coast that he would consent to anything. Once in the hands of his master his position is such that he scarcely resents a few kicks or cuffs. He has no power of protecting his family, and his daughters are always exposed to the familiarity of unprincipled whites. He is always under the eye of his master, and sometimes is locked into his quarters at night. He must ask permission to leave the plantation even when his work is done. He has no voice in making the laws that govern him, nor is any attempt made to explain them to him. Beyond a few exceptional cases his children receive no education. Character and industry effect no radical change in his position. He does not lack the necessities of life, and has no anxiety as to the support of his children; but the free laugh, the challenge in the eye, all the small but unmistakable marks of a free man fulfilling his life, are absent. He must submit to any abusive language, and cannot answer back—indeed, would not venture to think of such a thing. At the nightly parade all the laborers on the plantation form into lines, and stand like black statues as the planter, like a being from another world, walks round to inspect them. One feels at

such a time that the master's word, be it right or wrong, is the supreme law, and that his will is practically absolute. And let it be remembered that these laborers have not freely entered into a contract to serve, but it has been forced upon them, one and all. They have been taken from homes and families, and brought in fear and trembling to these islands, from whence, with some recent exceptions, they never return.

In writing thus I have before my mind well-managed plantations under kindly planters, some of whom would prefer free labor; but the present system, in the hands of a cruel man, results in flagrant abuse of power.

The laborers have the right to appeal to their official protector, the Curator, and during my first visit to S. Thomé in 1905 I knew they constantly availed themselves of this. But it must be remembered that many of the plantations are one or two days' journey from the Curator's office, and it requires much courage for a native to make such an appeal, living as he does under an authority that is to him all powerful. He can expect little support from his comrades, who are only too willing to curry favor by betraying him. Corporal punishment of the laborer is illegal, but has been extensively practised on many plantations, and on a remote farm, hemmed in by inaccessible mountains, technicalities of justice and a kindly Curator seem very distant to a sufferer, while whips in servile black hands are very near.

Brief as are these details they point to the fallacy of thinking the lot of the white laborer comparable with that of the black under an enforced contract. They cannot reasonably be compared, for they exist on different planes. The white man is continually fighting for and winning extended privileges, but the contract-laborer does not fight, and the fact that he is

below the fighting line marks him as a slave. He, the mate that has been doled out to him, and the children she bears him, are the goods and chattels of his master. Ample food, lodgings and medical care are granted to horses and oxen, and cannot compensate for the loss of independence. In a prosperous age we are apt to forget man does not live by bread alone, and that no race has ever progressed without hope. What hope has the laborer, taken from his friends and native land and compelled to work the rest of his life?

So generally is it recognized in Angola that the natives sent to S. Thomé never return that their friends regard them as dead. I know a case of a servant asking leave to attend the funeral of his uncle who had been exported.

But stagnant and unprogressive as is the life of the contract-laborer on the plantations, it was only when I proceeded to the mainland to investigate the necessary recruiting, that I saw fully the evils of the system. A few hours' travel on the route from Katumbella, by which the laborers come down to the coast, was sufficient to show corpses and skeletons, grim marks of compulsion. During my long journey to the Zambesi, which occupied two months, I could have picked up hundreds of wooden shackles, and free men do not wear shackles.

There is nothing surprising in this evidence; it is the natural outcome of the system. Every year some thousands of natives are taken from the interior and sent to S. Thomé and Princípē against their will; for, knowing well that of all his countrymen who have gone to S. Thomé and Princípē none return, the Angolan has the greatest horror of the islands, and this emigration can only be carried out by deceit and violence. I know from experience what it is to be ill and

fatigued on that endless road from the interior: a pitiless sun in a dull blue sky, the monotony of plain and upland, shifting sand beneath one's feet, and the slow progress of a fifteen miles' march day after day. One can form some idea of what it is to the native, severed from his surroundings, and week after week in the hands of a black slaver, who has an African's appalling indifference to the suffering of others and is, moreover, hardened by the outrages necessary to his work.

The African's mind is inscrutable, but, brought up in an atmosphere of superstitious fear, it is probable, as he toils painfully on his enforced journey, that the dread of the rumors he has heard of S. Thomé, which are intensified by his own ignorance, is nearly equal to his physical sufferings, and these are not slight. He often carries a load much too heavy for his wasted body, as his tottering knees testify. That often he is thirsty, footsore and ill-fed goes without saying. Many die directly or indirectly from hopelessness. He suffers bitterly with cold at night as he lies on those mountain uplands, his ankles chafed in the heavy shackles that secure him for the night. Sometimes two or three natives are fastened together, and a friend of mine found three fresh skeletons in one shackle.

I have referred to the native brought from the far interior, but at present the large proportion of those exported are taken from near the coast. Though these undergo less physical suffering they are still the victims of compulsion, and the sense of apprehension under which the people live has been described to me, by a resident of many years in Angola, as being worse than the cruelties they too often suffer at the hands of the whites.

Central Africa is still the seat of an extensive slave trade, whose victims are more or less openly sent down to

the coast. Slaves are imported into Turkey from the coast of Tripoli. There has been a recently increased traffic finding an outlet in the southern part of the Red Sea. The city of Morocco is the centre of a considerable traffic, and has an open slave market. Slave raids are carried on to supply labor in the French Congo. The export for eight months last year from Angola to S. Thomé and Principe was nearly four thousand. The merciless tyranny that has been practised of late years in the Congo Free State, though not removing the natives, has enslaved them in their own districts, and is a new and cruel form of slavery.

Acting Vice-Consul Beak, in an official report dated 6th September, 1907, writing of the ingrained habit and custom of slavery in Central Africa says:—

"Not only the slave traders and the chiefs are in league against the white man, but also frequently the slaves themselves. The trade is frequently carried on under the white man's very nose in a manner which it would baffle the ingenuity of Scotland Yard to detect. It is impossible, without great trouble and considerable expense, to eradicate an evil which has been indulged in and profited by for countless centuries."

Not only is the slave trade widely spread, as I have shown, but the system of domestic slavery is almost universal in the vast regions of Central Africa. The idea of owning his fellow-man is deeply rooted in the conservative and changeless African, and it will be many years before it is eradicated.

That slavery is so widespread and has so close a grip on African life makes it the more incumbent on lovers of freedom to stop that part of slavery associated with an article of such general use as cocoa.

Owing to the evidence on labor con-

ditions of Portuguese West Africa, including the lengthy investigations carried on by Dr. Horton and myself on behalf of Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Ltd., J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., Rowntree and Co., Ltd. and Stollwerck Bros., Ltd., they and several other manufacturers have refused to buy S. Thomé cocoa.

In November, 1907, the report of Dr. Horton and myself was officially presented to the Portuguese Government, who appointed a special commissioner, Mr. Paula Cid, to investigate and report on the conditions of labor in Angola and S. Thomé, and as recently as 17th July, 1909, the Portuguese Government has issued new regulations, the last of a long list of laws following one another in rapid succession, with the purpose of amending the laws on colored labor.

The subject has from time to time been mentioned in the House of Commons and on July 13th Sir Edward Grey stated that recruiting in Angola is now altogether stopped. But a leading Lisbon paper, the *Seculo*, commenting on this, explained that there was to be no recruiting for three months, so it would appear that the close season for the native now is nearly at an end, and it is to be feared that unless pressure is brought to bear, compulsory export will be resumed.

It is important that the interest already aroused should not be allowed to flag, and that the matter should be widely laid before the general public in England and also in America, which is

The Contemporary Review.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN A BALLOON.

The balloonist may say what he likes, but the first ascent does necessitate a large draft on one's courage. Very naturally every one feigns indifference. But there it is—Nervousness—writ large.

now buying largely of this slave-grown cocoa.

Civilization may at the beginning of the twentieth century reasonably demand that the common articles of diet shall be grown by free labor, and that the conditions of the S. Thomé laborer shall be as free as those natives employed in the Transvaal mines or in the West Indies. I have studied on the spot the conditions of labor on the Rand and in Mozambique, where a large proportion of the labor is recruited. The people offer themselves freely for the mines, and the mortality is about half that of many of the S. Thomé plantations, although the nature of the work is not so healthy; and the natives return freely to their homes when their contract is completed to enjoy their earnings.

Though contract labor that separates a man from his home and family for considerable periods has many inherent evils, and conditions are still open to improvement on the Rand, I was struck with the fact that the system, because of its freedom, contains in itself the germs of a progress that not only has done much already, but will continue to improve the lot of the working native.

It is this freedom enjoyed in Portuguese East Africa that civilization demands for the West Coast, convinced that, if it be granted, not merely in the admirable existing Portuguese laws but in actual administration, it will of itself check existing abuses.

Joseph Burtt.

After all it is perfectly natural, for the human mind is so constituted, that fear is more often than not the result of ignorance. Indeed, there is no mental anxiety that custom cannot allay, no danger that is not mitigated by ex-

perience. It is the unknown, the untried, that induces nervousness. As regards ballooning, there have been accidents, it is true. One has heard of those who have indulged in this particular form of amusement being driven out to sea never to be heard of again, of the disastrous consequences of a thunderstorm, of inefficient pilots. On the other hand, such catastrophes are few when one thinks of the numerous ascents made. All things considered, a balloon trip is really no more dangerous than a journey by a Scotch express.

It is such thoughts, disquieting one moment, comforting the next, that chase through one's mind during the preliminary preparations for a balloon ascent. Thus one stands and watches, trying to convince oneself that there is really not the least cause for alarm, conscious, nevertheless, that one may be standing on earth for the last time. Forty per cent. of those who are about to embark on their first balloon trip experience the same sensations; the other sixty per cent. refuse to admit them. But they are there all the same.

For an hour or so before the ascent the balloon undergoes the process of inflation. With a long breath the gas is drawn in. By degrees the huge monster stands erect, dragging at the bags of sand which prevent its flight into space. Filled at last, it rocks lazily to and fro, straining at the net which encases it like some captured animal. At last all is ready; the pilot has arrived, and, with his two travelling companions, climbs into the car. There is just room enough for three, no more. On the ropes attaching the car to the balloon are hung various mathematical instruments—a statescope to denote one's rise or fall; an aneroid barometer, which indicates the height reached; a baroscope, with a card on a revolving cylinder, upon which are marked with a pen the deviations of the balloon's

course. There are also maps, compasses, a small clock, and several ingenious contrivances, including a camera, with which photographs can be taken from any height. At the bottom of the car are some half-dozen bags of sand, the size of a football. These form the ballast. All safely in, the last restraining weights are detached, and with a hoist from those standing by, the balloon glides upwards into space. The moment has arrived when the novice would give a great deal to be back on earth again. It is too late. With ever-increasing rapidity the world is left behind, or, to speak more correctly, the feeling is that of the earth dropping away from the balloon, for to those in the car not a movement is perceptible.

In a very few minutes, so wide is the gulf that it is with difficulty one recognizes anything below but the largest buildings. Instinctively one looks to see how one is suspended in mid-air. Eight thin cords—that decrease in thickness according to one's nervous condition—alone hold the car to the balloon. The idea is appalling.

Still the world hurries away, quicker than ever it would now seem, leaving the balloon, the sun, and the blue sky far, far behind.

At first, to look down on London beneath is positively terrifying. It is a nightmare, in which one experiences the sensation that one will shortly be hurled into space. One comforts oneself, however, by recalling the fact that it is all a dream, that one has had such before, and that one always wakes up before reaching the ground.

But such thoughts and sensations eventually wear off; the truth is realized; one is really in a balloon. The pilot looks at his aneroid—we are 3500 feet from earth and still rising. By degrees one's nervousness entirely ceases; one can gaze down with comparative calm. What an ex-

traordinary spectacle! St. Paul's looks for all the world like a large toadstool in a brickyard, with small ant-like specks moving about it; the many gutters one sees are streets; the white fold, that might be a fragment of tape, the Thames. But for the occasional shriek of a whistle, and the rush of a train, there is a silence that is dead and buried. The largest open spaces, such, for instance, as Hyde Park, appear the size of a leaf, the trees merely forming a dark mildew. As for the Oval, it is just a little smaller than a plover's egg. In short, London has the appearance of a model village; everything is in miniature.

It is now half an hour since the balloon started on its course; we are 5000 feet in space. Taking one's eyes from the city beneath, one looks round and above. On all sides one is encircled, at the distance of a mile or so, by a thick brown curtain of haze. What seems particularly extraordinary is that it is suspended from precisely the same height everywhere, and that from a frieze of blue that fades to a silver gray as it nears the sun. Run your eye down the curtain and the thick material changes to a gossamer veil, through which one may just distinguish the outlines of London in the deep distance.

The heat, with not a cloud to shade the sun, is almost unbearable; one's hands are hot and dry, one's throat parched. Suddenly there is a report in one's ear like the noise of a toy pistol, repeated again and again, at shorter intervals, as the balloon mounts upwards. The explanation is simple: we have reached an entirely different atmosphere; the air is more rarefied, hence these sudden explosions.

But to talk of matters more practical. The question to be answered is, in which direction is the balloon travelling? We must be moving, though there is still not the slightest indication of

our having done so since we set out on our journey. In order to arrive at a solution of the problem, the pilot decides that it is advisable to let go the trail rope. Accordingly a line, some 300 feet in length, tied to the outside of the car in a bundle, is cut loose. Down it drops like a drawn-out corkscrew, until the tapering end appears no thicker than a piece of wire. It is frightening to watch this descent of the rope, for one feels that if anything were to happen to the balloon one would follow the same course oneself. With the tip of the rope now pointing to the earth, one grasps for the first time that one is actually moving. For proof of the assertion, fix your gaze on the end of the trail, and you will see that it is drawing a line on the city beneath. Truly one must be thankful for small mercies; after all, the world is not hurrying to another sphere.

But the trail rope tells us more. It now points to what in appearance is a long gutter—in reality it is a street—which runs almost due east. This is disquieting, for if the wind does not change, we shall be at Gravesend and the sea before very long. There are two alternatives, either to descend in the hope of striking a more favorable current below, or else to search for one higher up. The pilot decides to adopt the former course. Accordingly the balloon, left to itself, descends slowly. The first indication one has of the change of altitude is the sense of deafness, which increases until one can scarcely hear the voices of those in the car. But this soon wears off. Looking down and through the veil of mist beneath, where before was indistinct outline and blur of color, small villages and country fields slowly emerge. It is as though one gazed through a colossal magnifying glass which was being slowly focussed to one's sight by some unseen hand. Very

soon the largest buildings are recognizable; then the smaller houses and streets, and finally trains, carts, and human beings.

But all this time the balloon keeps the same course. The favorable current for which we left the "Azure Vault" has not yet been met with. We watch the smoke from the factory chimneys; oddly enough it is blowing in the exactly opposite direction to that in which the balloon is travelling. It seems doubtful, therefore, whether after all we shall find a better course lower down. After some discussion it is agreed that the better chance of avoiding the sea is to ascend again and trust to hitting off happier conditions above. Accordingly half a bag of sand is emptied into space; the needles of the several instruments move excitedly and once again we sail into the sky. All attention is now directed towards the end of the trail rope. There are many cross currents in the heights above; to check the rise of the balloon, therefore, immediately it strikes one that will carry us in the right direction, is now all-important. At an altitude of over 4000 feet our search through space is rewarded. Suddenly the balloon twists slowly round; if you look you can see that the point of the trail rope is drawing an entirely different line; we have struck the wished-for current and are now making straight for Chislehurst and Sevenoaks. Satisfied that we are on the right course, the pilot ceases to pepper the metropolis with ballast and we glide away towards the green fields and low hills of Kent, with the Channel beyond. By the aid of a good map, a small compass, and a great deal of imagination, one can recognize the different towns and villages one passes over. To the amateur balloonist they are all exactly the same—just so many patches of mosaic framed in green. But the pilot has sailed the same

course many a dozen times before, and knows the appearance of every square mile. On scanning the earth at this height, one sees that it is cut up everywhere into squares, some very large, some quite small, but always squares. These are of course fields. Strangely enough there are no round enclosures. Even private parks are as a rule quadrilateral. The effect is really very extraordinary. One imagines that one is bending over a giant chessboard, such as Gulliver might have amused himself with in Brobdingnag. The balloon is well over the country now—London is hidden behind a screen of smoke—the atmosphere is twice as clear. To all appearances the country far and wide is a flat plain, without a rise to be seen anywhere. Yet, to one's astonishment, where a few minutes ago a woody strip bordered fields of corn, quite a large town meets one's gaze. This is Sevenoaks, which up to the present has been hidden behind some intervening high ground.

It is now two hours since we started on our journey. The heat throughout has been intense. It is not surprising, therefore, that one's throat should be parched. With the exception of a thermos bottle containing hot tea, there is nothing in the car to satisfy one's longing. Every village, hamlet, and house passed over arouses visions of cool drinks and deep shade. The desire for both becomes almost insupportable. Curiously enough these physical longings obliterate all sense of danger. The balloon may collapse the next moment, but what does that matter; there is nothing to satisfy one's thirst, thus life is scarce worth the living. In this attitude of mind and body the most amateur balloonist is on all fours with the expert. Thirst is no respecter of persons, particularly in mid-air with the thermometer at boiling-point. And so it happens that, after half an hour's purgatory, the pilot

himself suggests a "descent in flight." To attempt anything of the kind is exceedingly dangerous, if there is a strong wind blowing, for a balloon, of all things, is the most difficult to tether. As it happens, everything is in our favor; the atmosphere is still, the country beneath is open, and a quarter of a mile ahead one sees a field where some twenty villagers are making hay. With a little skill and judgment we can so time our fall as to descend among them. And so it happens. Twice the valve is opened, a certain amount of gas escapes through the top of the balloon, and in a few minutes the trail rope has touched the tops of the highest trees, is on the ground, with half a score of villagers at the end of it.

Never before had a balloon alighted in the neighborhood; the excitement was intense. From every cottage women and children swarmed into the field. Even the oldest inhabitant, who had not moved from his threshold for years, hurried off to see the great sight. With the grace of a bird the balloon settles on the ground, where it stands motionless, like some Gargantuan tennis ball suspended in a string bag.

But the afternoon is wearing on; in a few hours the sun will set. Thus having satisfied our thirst at a cottage near by, we climb into the car and, hoisted by six villagers, the balloon again rises into space. For the next few miles, on the wings of a breath of air, we just skim the tops of the trees.

Now and then a ridge of high ground brings us nearer to earth or a steep valley increases the distance. At one moment a long line of tall poplars bars our course, but a handful of sand thrown out, the balloon rises, clearing the tops as easily as a Grand National Winner.

It is extraordinary the terrifying ef-

fect we have on animal life. Every dog that catches a glimpse of us barks vociferously; coveys of partridges scurry through the long grass; rabbits and hares rush madly to cover; the birds hide themselves in the hedge-rows. One and all seem to imagine that a Mammoth Hawk hovers above, bent on their destruction.

We are now within a few miles of Maldstone. It is not visible as yet, but the pilot points to a sharp line, cut clear against a distant bank of haze. This is the contour of a low range of hills which hide the town from view. It is now time to think of bringing the balloon to earth, for the sun is setting fast. Thus more ballast is thrown out and we rise into the air the better to discover a place of landing. Eventually an open park is seen some five miles off; the spot is an ideal one and the pilot lays his plans accordingly. Seizing a cord which hangs at his side he pulls it violently, opening in so doing a valve at the top of the balloon, which allows a certain amount of gas to escape. The effect is instantaneous; we descend rapidly. In a quarter of an hour from 3000 feet we drop to an altitude of 300. To check a too rapid descent the last few pounds of ballast are thrown out, and equilibrium is again restored.

The moment is now approaching when the pilot will require all his nerve and presence of mind for the landing-place is only half a mile away. If he misjudges his distance the balloon may be wrecked, possibly those inside injured. It is easy enough to bring a balloon to earth, but once on the ground there should be no question of its dragging. To obviate this the pilot clears the "ripping cord," the end of which is coiled up in a small red bag above his head. The ripping cord leads straight up through the mouth of the balloon and is attached to the extreme top. When pulled a huge open-

ing is torn in the silk, several hundred cubic feet of gas hurriedly escape and the balloon collapses like a pricked air-ball.

The last few minutes have brought us perilously near a factory chimney; we sail over a cornfield and skim the tops of the trees; we are directly above the park where we have arranged to descend. Not a moment is to be lost, for as we look ahead a clump of oaks stand directly in our way. The car is about to drag through them, but the pilot quickly seizes a few empty sandbags, throws them over and the car just clears the tallest branches. It is an exciting moment during which, oddly enough, one's only thought is for the safety of the balloon, not for oneself. But there is no time to think; action alone is necessary, and the pilot has already grasped the situation. Vigorously he tugs three times at the valve rope; three reports, like the shutting of a tin box follow, and with a

graceful swoop, the balloon glides to earth. Then the *coup de grâce*. To finally settle matters he pulls the "ripping cord," and with a long-drawn sigh the monster of the air falls to the ground a shapeless mound of silk.

In less than five minutes we are the centre of a small crowd of astonished villagers, anxious to do anything and everything in the wrong way, for a consideration. In ten minutes or so a wagon arrives on the scene. The balloon by this time having been rolled up, it is packed in the car, hoisted into the conveyance, and we drive off to the nearest station.

Our aerial voyage is at an end. It has certainly been a wonderful experience. The novice however had better make his first ascent in fair weather, for when the sky is thick with clouds, the wind raging, and thunder overhead, the most expert balloonists agree that life in the air is truly terrifying.

T. Comyn-Platt.

The National Review.

A BREAK IN THE RAINS.

V.

Gerard did not know that he had rifled a shrine of the Panchpiryas. How should he? He did not know that such a sect existed. Had he heard of them he might perhaps have guessed from their name that they worshipped five saints, in which case he would not have taken one, leaving a diminished hagiarchy. Originally the Panchpiryas worshipped the Pandavas of the Mahabharata, but in many districts these heroes have been ousted by Hindu and Muhammadan worthies and deities of local repute. The cult of the sect is so vague that its votaries have been classed among animists in the census. The cowherds of the Gerkal hills honored, amongst others Amina Sati, the ghost of a Hindu lady who died on her

lord's pyre, a Muhammadan saint who was martyred at Bahraich, and a gross semblance of the village god, Bhairon. The rude herdsmen did not know their divinities under these names, but who ever they were, they looked to them entirely for protection and increase, to multiply their families and flocks, ward off the smallpox, frustrate the mischief of intriguing spirits, and, beyond the tomb, to guide them through those perils which none can escape without a friend among the sovereign ghosts.

When the woman, Gangi, saw Gerard go off with the image under his arm, she left the herd and climbed the peak to the cairn. Great was her distress when she found that one of the idols was gone. There were four

saints only in the niche. She clambered down the hill wailing between the catches in her breath as she ran. She followed Gerard and Margaret until the sound of their horses' hoofs died away in the distance, but they did not hear. Darkness was closing in when she reached the herd. As she drove them home one of the cows fell over the precipice. Her husband was angry with her when she got home; he seized her by the hair and beat her cruelly. While Margaret was singing her Spanish song Gangi lay on a pallet on the floor weeping over her bruises and the loss that exposed her to these ills. A fifth part of her spiritual armor had fallen from her. So soon had the malice of the unseen that is always brooding round found the breach and flooded in upon her.

Early in the morning Gangi visited the Brahmin anchorite in the shrine. She found the *chela* squatting in the porch cleaning the brass vessels of the temple. A Saddhu sat beside him, his face hidden. The Guru was within. She could hear his sad monotonous chant rising and falling with a dismal cadence. It was the plaint of a man who has shut his eyes to the brightness of the world and lives within dark walls; it uttered no wish or hope. Peering into the temple, she could see him crooning over the altar, now erect, now prone, his forehead pressed to the ground in the prostration of the five members. Presently he lighted a wick and scattered petals on the lap of the god. Gangi saw his fingers waving in the air before the image. The light flickered out; darkness recaptured the place, and he went on mumbling his mantras.

Gangi had heard that he continued for weeks without food or water, and as his early needs became less his spiritual efficacy increased until he became one with his supernatural allies. He could make himself invisible; he

could project himself to great distances; he could avert the evil eye; or, if the spirit moved him, blight crops, lay a murrain upon herds and flocks, and cause impious men to wither and pine away.

Gangi was awed and frightened. She explained to the acolyte her need. He told her to bring an offering of three goats and he would endeavor to obtain the hermit's intercession. But she must wait; the holy man might be engaged in these occult rites for hours. But as she spoke the figure stirred by the altar. The hermit had risen; he was stooping to put on his sandals in the outer sanctuary; he approached the threshold. Gangi saw that he was still in a state of trance. He gazed past her without seeing her; his eyes were motionless orbs fixed in their sockets; he confronted the day as if the sun's rays offended him.

"Now speak," said the acolyte.

Gangi became hysterical; she summoned passion to aid her fear; she unwound her matted locks and flung her hands in the air, revolving like a manæad as she shrieked out the tale of sacrifice.

"Lay a blight upon him," she screamed. "He comes to the hill with a woman daily. Cause him to waste away before her eyes. Wither their issue. May no male child suck at her breast. And oh, Avenger of the poor, Friend of the Rishis, Repository of the Vedas, remove the offence, restore the image to the cairn."

At the sound of footsteps the accents died on her lips to rise again more shrilly.

"See, they come! May they be accursed. Deal with them according to their due."

Gerard and Margaret appeared around a bend in the path. They walked like lovers treading air. Margaret, who had seen so little of Indian village life, was enchanted with the

distant view of the quaint old moss-grown shrine beside the well under the neem and tamarind trees. But as she drew near the cries of Gangi disturbed the peace of the place. It was clear that they had lighted on some village tragedy. They saw a wild woman swaying to and fro in a paroxysm of rage and hurling prayers and imprecations across the threshold into the shrine. Inside a demented old man, who looked as if he had escaped from the tomb, gazed at her without speech. There were two other figures by the door, one leant against the jamb, his face half-hidden. The little that was seen of him suggested a sinister motive for concealment.

"Some one has ill-treated the poor thing," Margaret said. "Can you make her understand and find out what it is? She looks as if she had been robbed or cheated. It may be something in which we can help."

Gerard asked her what the matter was, but as they approached she recollect; she shrank from the hem of Margaret's dress as if it had been defiled. Then she collapsed on the ground, mumbling incoherently, exhausted by her hysteria.

Margaret felt sure the mischief was in the shrine. She peered in. The figure by the door straightened itself, and Gerard saw it for the first time.

He could see that it was deformed somehow—how he could not exactly tell. The chest was gross and unmanly, there was no hair on the body, the nails were inches long, the mouth a mere gibbous fissure showing no teeth but a gray palate. The whites of the eyes seemed to have grown over the pupils, yet it peered through these films with a kind of arrogant smile, whether it was conscious or due to some displacement of the nerves one could not say, but it gave one the idea of a beast inspired by some devil's contract with the knowledge of something

in the light of which man and the shadows he pursued were the vainest phenomena on earth. There seemed to be pride in its disillusionment and in the physical and spiritual corruption it breathed.

As it rose Gerard called to Margaret to come back, but he was too late. The beast intercepted her; it almost touched her face with its long talons; she must have felt its breath. Mad with rage, Gerard lunged at it savagely with his stick, but he struck at air, and the temple doors clanged to ominously.

Margaret leant against the porch white as a ghost. She had never been so near fainting in her life.

"Gerard, dear," she said, as soon as she could speak, "you look as if you would like to loot the place with a squadron of your Derejats."

"I should. But did that swine-dog touch you?"

"Not quite but it was horribly close."

A bell rang inside the shrine, and a monotonous rhythmic chant rose from the altar, gathering in intensity.

"It sounds like a commination service," Gerard said. It was.

"May he waste away like camphor and have no one to lay him on the ground when he dies. May he and his house, and his race, and his name pass utterly away. May there be no remembrance of him. After passing through the torments of hell, may he be born a worm in offal thirty-three thousand years. May he—"

"Let us go," he said. "It is no good trying to make our peace with the village now. I will put the bogie back to-morrow. I wish that fool, Ghazi Khan, had not given the *sais* the wrong parcel."

It was a dismal procession home. Margaret, in spite of her attempt to be cheerful, felt giddy and sick. For the first time in their walks she was tired. Gerard was savage with himself and all the world. Of all the parts he

could have to play, none was more sweet than the protector of Margaret; yet this hideous thing had happened to her before his very eyes, and he had not been able to help. Also he was conscious of having been in the wrong about the idol, and he had a suspicion that the scene at the shrine had something to do with it. The woman, Gangi, followed them for miles wailing and cursing, but she would answer no questions. To increase their depression a sudden storm broke on them from the plains, drenching them to the skin. It was a rough track at all times. Now Margaret's sodden skirt weighed her down, and the treacherous pine-needles, clotted by the rain, slipped from under her feet. When they reached the horses she was thoroughly tired.

While he was changing, Gerard tried to reason away his gloom. He and Margaret stood on the threshold of Elysium. Real life was only just beginning for them. Three days ago he had not imagined such happiness was possible. It was absurd to be depressed and to let little things disturb his peace of mind. Yet he was vaguely troubled. He had a presentiment that things were not going to run smoothly with them, and that it was his own fault. Margaret had been through a terrible day, but the thought of seeing her in a few minutes warm and dry and comfortable cheered him.

Gerard found Mrs. Chichester alone. Margaret was lying down; she was a little feverish and had a bad headache. Mrs. Chichester was inclined to be irritated with Hayden for his share in it, but when she saw the dismay in his face she could not help laughing.

"Margaret will be all right to-morrow, but not strong enough for another excursion. I am afraid you will have to take your idol back alone. He has done enough mischief."

Mrs. Chichester believed in totems and mascots.

"The China was Dresden," she said. "And Margaret had not had a day's illness till her bogie was installed. Besides, I had the most atrocious luck at bridge last night."

She had not heard of the incident at the shrine.

While they were having tea a telegram was brought Hayden telling him to meet his colonel at a quarter past twelve the next morning at Chandigarh junction. He was going through to Simla. This meant that Gerard would not be back in Gerkal till five, even if the train were punctual. Still there was a moon, and Gerard had made up his mind to return the bogie to its ghastly company by night if not by day. Evidently the mist-ridden peak was its proper sphere. Henceforth His Obesity should emit his rays of malevolence on his own unclean disciples.

That night he learnt more of them. He dined at the club, and sat next a policeman named Semphill. Gerard described the scene at the shrine to him, and the beastly monstrosity that had waved its clammy paws in Margaret's face as she peered in. Only he did not mention Margaret.

"My dear fellow," Semphill said, "it might have been much worse. That was an Aghori you saw; I think I know the man. They are the most offensive beasts unhanged. You may think yourself lucky you did not see him at his filthy tricks. You wouldn't have enjoyed your dinner if you had. But I'll tell you all about it when we've fed."

Gerard was enlightened in the smoking-room afterwards.

"These Aghoris," Semphill said, "think themselves the most spiritual sect among the Hindus. They eat human corpses, and worse. The idea is that they have overcome all fleshly

weaknesses, and so are nearer to God. Nothing revolts them; they are not subject to ordinary diseases. This sort of thing goes down enormously with the common people. I think I know the one you saw. He used to sit at the cross-roads near Pinjor with his head tilted back and his mouth open showing no teeth, just as you describe. What were his eyes like?"

"Like the white of an egg, a bit solid where the pupils ought to be. And they seemed to grin."

"That's the man. He didn't beg, and no one ever saw him eat. When people asked him what he lived on he said 'Babies.' It may, or may not, have been true—they are great boast-ers. All we knew was that he sometimes disappeared at night. Have a whisky and soda?"

"Thanks, I will."

"Of course, if we catch them at it we can run them in. If they dig any one up, it comes under desecration of tombs. I have known them prosecuted under the Public Nuisance Act. The Brahmins use them sometimes to annoy squeamish folk against whom they have a grudge. They squat in front of a house with their morsel until they are paid to go on. I heard a queer tale at Deesa of an Aghori who stopped a funeral. The relatives were indignant, but they dared not use violence. Then the rain came and nothing would induce the pyre to light. In the end they had to abandon it."

"Thanks. I think I've heard enough. Let's go out and get some fresh air."

But neither fresh air nor strong drink could disinfect Gerard's dreams. He went to bed and saw a pageant of Aghoris.

VI.

Hayden woke up with fever. The strongest man is not grilled and drenched alternately without con-se-quences. He dosed himself with quin-

ine and rode down the hill with a buzzing head.

The Simla train was three hours late. When it arrived Gerard's colonel had no good news for him. It turned out that the agitators had been at work in Ambala, and they had managed to raze in a weed or two in Strangway's Horse before one of the native officers came to hear of them. Among the dis-affected was a Malik in Gerard's squadron, a shifty blackguard whom Gerard had always regarded with suspicion. "The damned fellow was buck-ing sedition in the lines," the Colonel said. Gerard was disgusted. The whole business galled him. He must go and work the fellows into hand again. Incidentally it might mean that he and Margaret would have to put off the Church and the milliner and their glacier camp.

It was four o'clock when he started for Gerkal. The fever had hold of him, and his head swam so that it was an effort to sit straight in the saddle. As he rode through the main street of Chandigarh he remembered that Margaret ought to have a pair of knee-caps for her pony, so he dismounted and took a short cut through narrow alleys towards the leather bazaar. Soon he found himself in a quiet backwater of the old city, among the houses of Brahmins and astrologers, of which one sees little more than blind walls with mystic symbols on them, and here and there a corbelled window obstinately barred, with a bare chink to look through, or an old gateway studded with brass nails within a porch decorated all over with carved figures of the Pantheon. There seemed to be no life within these mysterious secretive dwellings, but Gerard felt that there was a hidden side to them, and that the old *régime* nourished a vital flame within and kept a degenerate order from the door. He threaded the intricate maze, steering himself, as

he thought, by his bump of locality, though the woman Gangi would have said that the anchorite's curse was upon him, for it was a grim den into which he fell.

He was in a narrow passage between two dead walls when he became aware that someone in urgent need was crying out to him. His head was dizzy with a sudden wave of heat after a turn of ague, and he was almost deaf with the singing of quinine in his ears, but he was certain that he heard his own name called. It was the merest shadow of a voice that he followed, like the echo of a cicada or the shrill pipe of Ariel. It led him to a great gateway opening into a court-yard. As he stumbled through the open wicket Ganesh leered at him from the lintel, and Hanuman in his most riotous mood seemed about to leap on him from the wall. He stood in the cloisters of the temple of Vishnu.

The door of the cell whence the voice issued stood ajar. Gerard pushed in, but he could see nothing in the dim light after the blinding glare outside. He tried to fling the door wide open to let in some sunshine, but it had closed behind him, and he heard the bolt slide into the catch. He kicked at it without effect, and began groping about the room for something to use as a lever. He grew giddier with stooping. Soon he became conscious that he was not alone. His hand touched something cold on a charpoy, that sent a chill through his veins. But that was not all: there was something else in the cell equally still, though it was alive. Gerard felt that it inhaled and breathed corruption. He sank to the ground in the corner farthest from it. Nothing moved except the rats that ran across the floor and over the charpoy, snapping up the cockroaches that infested the place. The brittle wing-cases exploded between their teeth. Gradually his eyes

became accustomed to the faint light, and the other inmate of the cell took shape across the charpoy. It was the Aghori. Its white filmy eyes explored the darkness above Gerard's head. There was some maggot of desire behind them which it was Gerard's business to subdue, even if he had to crush it with rending of tissues, as the rats the cockroaches. So he sat confronting the beast, while a nerve in his head beat time to a frivolous refrain that would come and lodge there as if he were a musical box, in spite of his efforts to drive it out. Very slowly the Aghori rose and lifted the sheet from the charpoy and stooped over it. Gerard struck at it with his riding-whip; it squirmed towards him and captured his feet; he felt that it was biting through his riding-boots. The lashes fell on its naked back, and the sound of them was dear to his soul. The whimperings of the beast woke the savage in him. Then the rhythm of the whip got out of tune somehow with the nerve that throbbed in his brain, and he went to sleep.

How many hours he lay there unconscious he could not tell, but when he awoke the door was open and the full moon flooded the cell.

Gerard found his horse in the serai. He started for Gerkal at a mad gallop, but arrived there in a dhoolie. The cholera ward received him. He watched the cramped muscles playing under his skin. Then he went to sleep again and floated for untold aeons through numberless compartments of space towards a white peak which never seemed to grow any nearer. He was afraid that the thing which held him away from it would snap. He dreaded this very much, because the Aghori sat on the summit waiting for His Obesity to die.

VII.

No weakness is so human as superstition. We laugh at it, and yield to

it, probing for the soul in matter, searching for a pattern in the web we call chance, seeking a current in the rhythm of things into which we may float and glide. We look for a design in the movement of the atoms, and hope to derange the eternal system.

Gerard lay at the point of death. Margaret hastened through the chequered night on a wild errand. An impulse drove her from the house. She walked and ran eight miles by road, and four by forest paths and broken crags. It was a gusty night. The wind swept through the rocking pines with the moan of distant breakers; thunder invested the peak from the north and south. Every now and then a sudden deluge broke upon the ridge, and her path became a running water-course. With one hand she clasped the idol, and with the other she explored the darkness. At first the white palings helped her. When they came to an end she groped her way along the cliff face. Then the full moon arose and flooded the world with light. At one moment Margaret scaled a wall of darkness; at the next she stood in a brightly-illumined bower. The pines were flinging the raindrops from their jewelled tassels; every needle became a quivering point of light; their fluent shadows danced in eddies at her feet, like ripples on the surface of a stream. She saw the immense valleys unfold and the shadows of the clouds race across the hills. Far below the plain took on a velvet sheen. She was wrapped in the splendor of the night, but not comforted. The sublimity of earth and heaven, the brooding intentness of the night, dwarfed the significance of her cares. She might strive and pray, but the spirit that informed the darkness would not hear. The forest and the hills had witnessed agonies like hers, but the rhythm of their music was unchanged.

Margaret hurried on. The moon was

soaring towards a dense wedge of cloud; she must not miss the interval of light. Soon she had left the road, and was in the forest. The spectral trees encompassed her; the gray rocks loomed towards her like living forms. She met a prowling leopard, but she had no fear. Half an hour after midnight she stood by the cairn. The moon rode high over the forest, breasting the scudding clouds. The peak was illuminated. All round a thousand points of light outshone the glow-worm's beacon. The wet grass glistened, the mica sparkled at her feet. The plains below shimmered with light vapors that rolled into the interstices of the hill like the waves of the sea.

His Obesity reigned again on the cairn. The five saints were united. For Margaret their moonlit countenances were invested with a strange pathos. They symbolized so much of hope and fear, timid questionings, idle propitiation and vain commerce with the unseen. Somehow she felt less aloof from the folk who had raised them. Her sense of sisterhood with earth and living creatures had deepened. She sank down on the stones beside the goblins and wept. For the first time large tears rolled down her cheeks, and she sobbed as if her heart would break. The idols stared placidly from the cairn.

Far away she saw the twinkling lights of Gerkal. One of them shone from the hospital where Gerard still struggled with the unknown. Or was he now part of the spirit which rolls through everything, swelling the orchestra of the pines and breathing in their fragrance? If that were the end of their two souls she could bear it. Were they not both children of the open air?

Her tears soothed her, her grief became less poignant; there was comfort in her exhaustion. Somehow she felt as if the inspiration which had impelled

her to the cairn was stirred by some current of circumstance which was carrying Gerard through the ordeal. As she groped her way through the darkness in the face of the storm, and panted up the hill, she had felt that she was fighting the grim summons side by side with him. The woods aided her. And now that the moon rode high above the clouds, caressing the hills and swathing the world in peace, something whispered to her deep in her inmost being that Gerard would live. But she dared not admit the hope.

When Margaret reached Gerkal the East was suffused with the rose and pearl of dawn; the white moon faded in the West; the sun had not risen above the mountains.

She found herself in the cold half-dark veranda of the hospital, asking how Captain Hayden was. A nurse she met in the passage did not know. She led Margaret along a covered way to the cholera ward, and entered a room which held the great secret. Presently she appeared with another nurse. Margaret read victory in their faces. She heard one of them say,—

"He is very much better. The crisis was passed early in the morning." Then she knew that she must have asked to see him, for the nurse was saying—

"Perhaps the doctor would let you,
Blackwood's Magazine.

just for a few minutes. You had better come again at eleven."

At eleven Gerard woke up and saw Margaret by his side. His haggard eyes caught the reflection of a great joy.

She laid her hand on his head. "You mustn't talk," she said.

They were silent a long time. When Gerard spoke it was of the bogie.

"His Obesity seems to have changed our luck," he said. "Tell Ghazi Khan to put it back on the cairn."

Margaret told him that she had put it back.

He dozed a little. When he opened his eyes he asked her to throw the window open. He wanted to see the peak. It was there calling him.

"I've forgotten to arrange about the transport," he said absently.

But Margaret exercised a counter-spell. She talked of Scotland until he could smell the bracken and the pines. Then she talked of Kent.

"Do you remember what the woods are like in autumn?" she said. "Beech and bracken—a roof and floor of gold. We'll go to Bedgebury. I know the seasons to a week. It will be just about the time that the pheasant lets you get near enough to see his crimson eye."

It was a siren's song in his ears.

"Ter-res-sit-a mia," he said, "you have made all things good. Just now I'd like a breath of clean home air."

Edmund Candler.

THE SHAKESPEARE DISCOVERIES.

Dr. Charles William Wallace, the American scholar who about two years ago made the Shakespearean discoveries which have just been published in the *Times*, has earned the congratulations, not only of every Shakespearean student, but of every layman who is concerned to know a few more facts

about the life of him who bears the greatest name in English literature. At first sight, it may be thought that the new facts are not comparable with those discovered in the eighteenth century; but on reflection it will be admitted that they not merely give us a very accurate view of Shakespeare's

circumstances, but reinforce the deductions of those who argued from the older evidence that Shakespeare was recognized during his life as a man of substantial importance. In fact, Shakespeare, about whom it is so often and so loosely said that hardly anything is known, becomes more than ever a reality. To that extent the discovery pushes the preposterous Baconian theory, which, if one may put it so, magnifies the unimportance of Shakespeare the man, a little further into the background. Of course there is a tendency for a discoverer to overrate the value of his discovery; but when every allowance has been made, we think that Dr. Wallace's researches have yielded what is in every sense a first-rate find. We hardly venture to guess at what conclusion some of the more determined Shakespearean interpreters will arrive when they have brought the new facts to bear upon the text of the plays and sonnets. Shakespearean criticism has a wild luxuriance in that kind of unwarrantable speculation which, paradoxically, imagines too much chiefly owing to a want of imagination,—through the failure to sympathize with the creative faculty. According to this most industrious but arid method, a writer is held to have been in real life in nearly all the situations which he happens to describe in his works. If this method be reapplied in the light of the new facts, we shall, no doubt, hear before long of allusions in the plays and sonnets to the legal documents found by Dr. Wallace.

Dr. Wallace, we understand, made his discovery in just such a way as one likes and respects. When he is free from his lecturing in America he comes to England every year with his wife, and they spend their holiday in searching through unclassified documents which probably have not been looked at for generations. The papers which he has just published were

found in a sack in the Record Office. As he himself says, they "change the state of knowledge concerning the origin and nature of shares in the Globe and Blackfriars and particularly concerning Shakespeare's financial interest in those theatres." They relate to a lawsuit which arose out of some curious family differences. Briefly, the plaintiff was Thomasina Osteler, who was the daughter of John Hemyngs, the close friend of Shakespeare, and the co-editor with Condell of the famous First Folio of Shakespeare's works. At the age of sixteen (in 1611) Thomasina Hemyngs was married to William Osteler, the actor, whose death is now shown to have occurred on December 16th, 1614. Incidentally it must be remarked that the fact is very useful in determining the date of some of Webster's and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. Osteler, for instance, acted in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, but hitherto it has been supposed that this play was not published till some time after 1614. When Thomasina became a widow she behaved in a manner which earned her father's disapproval. Apparently he cut off her supply of money, and she in retaliation charged him in the legal document which Dr. Wallace has found with the misappropriation of funds held in trust. Now these funds were nothing less than shares in the famous Blackfriars and Globe Theatres.

In order to lay her case clearly before the Court, her attorney drew up a detailed statement of the constitution of the company which owned and managed the theatres, and even set forth the exact position of the buildings. The interest of documents of this kind needs no emphasis. At the same time, the character of Thomasina undoubtedly introduces a slight weakness into the evidence, because the case for the plaintiff is generally an *ex parte* statement, and here we have only

the case for the plaintiff. There is no reason to suppose that John Hemings was the dishonest man his daughter made him out to be. On the contrary, the introduction to the First Folio, written in collaboration with Condell, is, one would say, the product of a singularly honest, considerate, and simple mind, whereas Thomasina appears to have been not only a very irregular, but a very litigious, young person. In the same year (1621) in which she brought this action against her father she charged young Walter Raleigh, a son of the famous Sir Walter, with insult and slander. As Mr. Sidney Lee has remarked in a letter to the *Times*, one must not take the plaintiff's case as absolute truth. It would have to be corrected, perhaps vitally corrected, by the judgment in the suit, or at least by the defendant's case, neither of which do we know. Caution exacts such an admission; but when it has been made, a great many of the new facts remain of their nature unassassable.

Although the suit is directed against John Hemings, it is necessarily brought also against the Burbages and Shakespeare and all the shareholders on whose behalf Hemings acted as manager. The period embraced by the new document is that of Shakespeare's maturity and his highest powers,—from 1609 to 1616. What do we learn from the discovery? We learn who held the shares in the Blackfriars and Globe Theatres and to what extent, and we learn what the profits of the company were. We learn that Shakespeare had a seventh share in the Blackfriars Theatre and a fourteenth in the Globe, and that out of the two together he enjoyed an income of about £600 a year. As a pound in those days had nearly five times its present value, we conclude that Shakespeare, though not rich, was a very well-to-do man. And to his dividends from his theatrical investments we must add, we suppose,

the money he made by writing plays, and perhaps also his salary as an actor. A vast number of people who have hammered away at the eternal enigma of Shakespeare's genius have tried, from one motive or another (whether to make that genius seem more wonderful, or to make the idea that a theatrical person named Shakespeare should possess it at all utterly incredible), to represent Shakespeare as a sort of business manager under the Burbages. They have imagined him as a second-rate, even a third-rate, actor, who amused himself by writing wonderful plays which were produced but did not pay, but who was known chiefly to his contemporaries as a very competent man of business. We behold him now as a playwright who was not afraid to have a very large stake in the theatre in which his plays were performed and who suffered nothing from the transaction.

We have already alluded to another matter of interest, though it is not of course by any means the most interesting fact in the documents; we mean the statement as to the exact position of the Globe Theatre. It has long been supposed that the site was in Park Street, Southwark (Maiden's Lane in Shakespeare's time), where Barclay and Perkins's brewery now stands. Certain old London maps undoubtedly place it there, but Dr. Wallace's documents definitely place it on the other side of the road. There is thus a conflict of evidence; either the attorney's clerk or the draughtsman of the maps made a mistake. The rise of a conflict in the evidence on this point is rather inopportune, as on Friday Sir Herbert Tree unveiled a memorial tablet on the traditional site at the brewery. The newspapers have been busying themselves with this dispute, but we hope it will not be imagined that the real importance of Dr. Wallace's find is indicated by it. What matters,

as we have already said, is that Shakespeare becomes more than ever a real and substantial figure,—large enough in the eye of the law and of commerce to be mentioned next in importance after the Burbages in the list of the shareholders of the two theatres. If

the discovery has not quite the significance of Shakespeare's will, which was unearthed by the Rev. Joseph Green in 1747, it is, in our judgment, on a higher plane than the Halliwell-Phillips discoveries of some forty years ago.

The Spectator.

PRESIDENT TAFT.

The last eight months have given both his own countrymen and the world ample means of judging President Taft. It is one of the American President's first duties to furnish such means abundantly and continuously. The last thing Americans expect of their Chief Executive is that he shall be a tongue-tied recluse. He pleases them best when he is most in the centre of the stage, scattering "Special Messages," delivering addresses, sweeping through the country on a thirteen-thousand mile tour of speeches and receptions. President Taft, if less voluble than his predecessor, has been by no means backward in meeting the popular demand. He has weathered a session of Congress; he has composed the regulation number of messages and addresses; and he is now concluding a prodigious journey which has taken him to the four corners of the United States and provided him with endless opportunities for speech-making and hand-shaking. With all this material to assist them, what is the verdict of the American people upon their new President? What has Mr. Taft accomplished and how does his *régime*, so far as it has gone, promise to compare with the memorable Presidency which preceded it? It is not too early to formulate some sort of an answer to these questions, though the answer cannot of course be final. We think it may fairly be said that the Americans are satisfied, and more than satisfied,

with Mr. Taft. He has shown himself very much the sort of a President they had expected and hoped for. That is to say, while subscribing to the Roosevelt policies, he is determined to carry them out in alliance with, instead of in opposition to, the leaders of his party in Congress, and with a minimum, instead of a maximum, of disturbance to business security. Mr. Taft has pretty well demonstrated that while there will be no halt in the campaign for the extension of Governmental control over the railways and the Trusts, and for the conservation of the natural resources of the country, it will be prosecuted with less noise, in a more reconciling spirit, and perhaps more effectively than heretofore. There will be fewer harangues against "the corrupt and criminal rich," fewer inflammatory messages to Congress, fewer half-cock prosecutions of the big corporations, fewer breaches of the spirit of the Constitution for the sake of scoring some immediate point, fewer collisions with those who fail to see eye to eye with the President. Action and not talk is clearly to be the motto of the Taft *régime*.

This, we think, was conclusively established by the President's conduct during the prolonged discussion of the Tariff. Though pledged to reduce the schedules of the Dingley Act, the Republicans in Congress raised them, and though pledged to a "Tariff for revenue only" the Democrats assisted them in

the process. The result was a Bill that broke all ante-election promises, increased the burden on the consumer, and was regarded by the country generally with dislike and by the Republicans of the Middle West, where there is genuine movement for Tariff revision downwards, with active opposition. Mr. Taft sat in the White House and gave no sign while the weary weeks of debate stretched into months. It was not until the Bill went to the conference between the Senate and the House of Representatives to receive its final shape that the President intervened. But his intervention, though late, was effective. He insisted on a considerable lowering of the rates in certain specific schedules. For a moment it looked as though there would be a serious clash between the White House and Congress. But the President had chosen his ground too well; every one of his demands was complied with; and the Payne Bill in the form in which it became law was probably a better measure than Mr. Roosevelt would have been able to secure without disrupting his party and convulsing the country.

Mr. Taft moreover contrived to slip into the Bill a clause empowering the Federal Government to levy a tax of 1 per cent. on the net earnings of all corporations. This is an innovation so momentous that it may justly be called revolutionary. If its legality is upheld by the Supreme Court, it will for the first time in American history enable the Central Government to supervise, regulate, and tax every joint-stock company in the land—even though it holds its charter from a State—whose profits exceed £1000 a year. That is the longest step which has been taken in our time towards the readjustment in favor of the Central Government of the Constitutional balance of power—a balance that hitherto has inclined somewhat peremptorily to the side of

the States. The power to tax, as Judge Marshall long ago pointed out, is the power to destroy, and though there is no question of the Federal Government destroying the Trusts or taxing the States out of their vitality, yet undoubtedly, if the Supreme Court sanctions the proposed impost on corporations, State rights will have received a blow not less severe than that dealt by the Civil War, and most of the existing text-books on the American Constitution will have to be rewritten. The inevitable corollary to the corporation tax is an Act depriving the States of their present power to charter joint-stock companies and vesting it in the Federal Government. Such an Act in our judgment would be a move in the right direction, and could easily be justified by an appeal to the political and economic conditions of the times. But clearly it would transform the American Constitution almost beyond recognition. In any case to have effected so formidable an advance in the direction of centralization, to have brought the Trusts within range of the Federal taxing power, and to have done all this without forfeiting for a moment the good-will of the nation or losing a single vote in Congress—must be counted to Mr. Taft's credit as one of the most remarkable feats of American statesmanship.

During his recent tour the President touched on many questions, such as banking and currency reform, the establishment of postal savings banks, and the amendment of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, which are mainly domestic questions, and of little moment to the outside world, except of course that anything which promises to make the American monetary system more stable by making it more elastic will be welcomed by every stock exchange in Europe. What fate Mr. Taft's programme in these matters will meet with when Congress assembles in De-

ember we should not care to predict, though at this distance the omens look bright. There is however one part of his policy which is of international as well as American importance. Both in China and in South America Mr. Taft is devoting himself, as no President ever has before, to extending American commerce by a lavish use of Governmental assistance. Americans hitherto have regarded their foreign trade as a sort of overflow from their home trade, a way to dispose of their surplus. They have neither studied nor cultivated the field as carefully as the Germans and ourselves have been obliged to study and cultivate it. Their total foreign trade, imports and exports combined, is little more than a tenth of their internal commerce. Their exports therefore are roughly about 5 per cent. of their total domestic trade. Of these exports, agricultural products and the products of mines, forests and fisheries represent over 70 per cent., and manufactures less than 30 per cent.

America, in short, still owes the place she has taken among the trading nations more to the bounty of nature than to the skill of man. Her capital-

The Outlook.

ists have not been attracted by what seem to them the meagre returns of the ocean-carrying trade, of banking, of individual investments in (for example) South America, when compared with the profits of home enterprises or of exports through long-established and convenient channels to the more remunerative markets of Europe. Now however they are just beginning to feel the need of further foreign outlets for their manufactures, and it is in China and South America that they hope chiefly to find them. Mr. Taft will do everything in his power to forward this tendency and to guide it along to the most productive routes. Schemes for subsidizing steamship lines to South American and Far Eastern ports, for founding semi-private, semi-official banks on the German model, for improving the consular service, and for undertaking trade investigations, will find in him, as he has freely declared, a warm and convinced supporter. We shall not indeed be surprised if the expansion of American commerce throughout the Southern and Far Eastern Continents proves to be the most memorable fact of his Presidency.

THE LABORS OF LOMBROSO.

Throughout all nature, the abnormal individuals have ever been subjected to aggression and ill-treatment. Among the lower animals, and to a certain extent among men, it would seem probable that any deviation from the appearance or the habits of the herd is instinctively associated in the minds of the majority with something that is strange and external, and therefore with what is hostile and to be attacked. Hence the repugnance to foreigners and strangers evinced everywhere, and the contempt and hatred

of, say, white and yellow people for one another, when they are forced to live in close proximity. The submerged criminal minorities are defective and troublesome; they are not proper, placid, or pleasant; they cumber the ground like the autumn leaves, and are always being swept away and thrown into dark places to corrupt out of sight. In the Middle Ages their existence was attributed to their own wicked perversity in listening to the seductions of the Devil; and this was most clearly stated upon all indict-

ments up to a few short years ago. Cesare Lombroso was one of a band of scientific enquirers (including his compatriot Ferri, Westphal, Krafft-Ebing, and a whole vanguard of Germans) who began to seek material causes for physical actions. Nothing he imagined, and rightly, occurred by chance or through the promptings of unmeaning malevolence. He started to examine the whole structure of the convicted, and then found so many defects and peculiarities that he contended there were born criminals.

Having begun to weigh and measure Caliban and his tribe, and having found them mostly simious and misshapen, he was sometimes led to apply his formulae indiscriminately; he would deduce too much from insufficient data, and frequently detected potential Hydes in distinguished Jekylls. In short, having made some discoveries, he was apt to exaggerate from them. Therefore, while we must be grateful for his many contributions to the incipient and much-needed science of criminology, we cannot accept all his conclusions and wide generalizations without occasional reservations and sometimes a grain of salt. Still he did good in laying so much stress upon the bad physique of the unfortunate, and in thus emphasizing the undoubted truth that health is a great factor in conduct. "The moral demonstration," said Dr. Claye Shaw, giving evidence before Mr. Herbert Gladstone's Committee, "depends on the perfection of physical structure." Impair the mental machinery for an hour, by poison, by alcohol, by injury or disease, and where might not any one of us be landed; who could rely upon direction or self-control?

There are really no born criminals, and there is no criminal class; but there are innumerable born degenerates, and what they drift into depends upon circumstances. "Given a certain

environment," said Dr. Bevan Lewis before the Committee alluded to, "and you will have crime; given a more favorable environment and you will have simply insanity." Even that strong exponent of the hardest officialism, Sir Edmund Du Cane, admitted that "a large number of prisoners are persons who are absolutely unable, or find it extremely difficult, through mental or physical incapacity to earn their livelihood even under favorable circumstances." A former governor of Pentonville declared, of a certain class of his habitual prisoners, that he had "those half-witted creatures coming again and again to prison." "Deficiencies in memory, imagination, reason," said the Rev. Dr. Morrison, who knew prisoners well, "are three undoubted characteristics of the ordinary criminal intellect." These unhappy beings in all the various stages of psychopathy and distortion are the material from which prisoners are made. When we consider how often ordinary people are overcome by temptation, and that many a lost boat's crew of decent Europeans have, from the mere force of conditions, been driven to cannibalism, we cannot expect the defective and the unbalanced to hold their own in a competitive community. So, doubtless, as Dr. Maudsley pointed out, we do manufacture our criminals like any other artificial product, only the process is a complex and unconscious one.

We must hope that the work of Professor Lombroso and of the many other modern writers upon the problems of criminology, may help forward and hasten the most urgent of all prison reforms, which is classification. There is infinite difference between those various groups of offenders who now fill the same dock, and receive—in different doses—the same sort of treatment, or rather punishment. What a man did on a particular day is only one

symptom, and not always the most important, of the kind of man he is. It is only too certain, and it is sad indeed to reflect upon, that there are many persons hard and fast in prison at this hour, on account of abnormalities or defects which they could no more keep away by their own efforts than they could stave off mania or the spotted fever. For though the grotesquely mad are now taken care of and well treated, even if they have murdered people, and are sent to Broadmoor, the half-mad and obscurely af-

flicted are held to be swayed by merely normal desires and to possess full measure of self-control. All specialists know that it is otherwise, and that things will be altogether changed in the long run. It is not opposition that must be faced, but the dead weight of indifference. We want more men like Lombroso to set down facts, to ask of the afflicted, to weigh, and learn, so that in all our dealings with degenerates we may be able to look forward to the future, and not dwell morbidly upon what cannot be undone.

The Saturday Review.

AMERICAN AMBASSADORS.

The Press may not have abolished diplomacy, but it has certainly made it more difficult. But for the Press Mr. Crane would now be on his way to the American Legation at Pekin. As it is, he remains in America, is re-absorbed once more into his manufacturing business in Chicago, and finds his diplomatic life ended before it had really begun. The Press, however, is not to be exclusively blamed for this catastrophe. Mr. Crane's artlessness is at least partly responsible. The President, greatly concerned with the problem of how best to extend American influence, and especially American commerce, in the Far East, had appointed Mr. Crane to represent his country in China mainly on the strength of his reputation and success as a man of business. But he had not reckoned with Mr. Crane's innocence of diplomatic usages, or with the possibility that he might share the common American belief that official affairs should be transacted in a glass house, with all the electric lights turned on, and a reporter at each window. Calling at the State Department in Washington for his final instructions, Mr. Crane learned that the Secretary

of State had been closely examining the recent Agreement between China and Japan in regard to Manchuria, with a view to determining if it contained anything adverse to American interests or inconsistent with the principle of the "Open Door." With an ingenuousness that has not been equalled since the Sackville-West episode, Mr. Crane at once communicated the news to a journalist for publication, and departed for San Francisco. It was thus announced to the world that the United States Government was formulating a protest against the Manchurian Agreement, and that it would be Mr. Crane's first business on his arrival to bring the views of the Administration before the Chinese officials. The Chinese and Japanese Press, naturally enough, reproduced the telegram; some formal inquiries were made by the Japanese Ambassador in Washington; and Mr. Crane was met on the San Francisco wharf by a telegram ordering his return to the capital. He went back, not only with an untroubled conscience, but in a state of complete mystification as to the reasons for his sudden recall, engagingly confiding to the reporters that he could not make

head or tail of it. It was, however, eventually made clear to him that his indiscreet "interview" had caused the Administration much embarrassment, and that the interests of the country and of the service required his resignation.

Incidents such as these are bound from time to time to occur in a country which regards diplomacy rather as a diversion than a career. Two or three years ago, Mr. Root, at that time the Secretary of State, attempted a thorough reorganization of the American diplomatic and consular services. Among other things he insisted that the United States should lease or purchase a permanent Embassy in each of the world's capitals and should pay its Ambassadors a living wage. When Mr. Choate returned home after his six years' Ambassadorship in London, the first thing he did was to urge precisely these reforms. No one could do so with greater propriety or with a stronger claim to have his opinion deferred to, because no one had produced such excellent results from the present system. Mr. Roosevelt several times over entreated Congress to carry out the suggested improvements, and a Bill giving effect to them was actually introduced in the House of Representatives. But it failed to become law, and matters are still as they always have been. That is to say, an American Ambassador's first business on arriving in London or any other capital is to find a house to live in. No official residence being provided for him, he has to turn house-hunter; and the sort of house he will choose depends upon his private means. All Government officials in America from the President downwards are amazingly underpaid, but American Ambassadors can scarcely be said to be paid at all. Their fixed and inclusive salary is £3,500 a year, but of this they have to pay their own house rent as well as all

living and entertainment expenses. The consequence is that only very wealthy men, who are prepared to spend from £10,000 a year upwards out of their own pockets, can afford to accept a first-class Embassy and keep up the style that the diplomacy of to-day insists upon. For though the American Republic is officially devoted to Jeffersonian simplicity, its citizens who annually come over to Europe are something more than disappointed if they find that their representative in London, Paris, Berlin, or Rome is not resplendently housed and maintaining a generous social state. They may, when in America, deride the trappings of diplomacy, but at the same time, and especially in Europe, they like their Ambassador to play an elegant, conspicuous, and, if possible, a brilliant part in the life of the Court to which he is accredited. If the Americans in Berlin, for instance, had been polled eighteen months ago, they would certainly have voted to make Mr. Charlemagne Tower Ambassador for life; and they were just as much nonplussed as the Kaiser himself when Mr. Tower's successor turned out to be a gentleman whose tastes were those of a student and a scholar, and whose resources made it impossible for him to follow in Mr. Tower's footsteps with the same assurance and *éclat*.

One result of all this is that the American diplomatic service lends itself to some strange incongruities. In one capital you will find the American Ambassador inhabiting a palace, the rent of which exceeds his official salary; in another he is worse housed than the average representative of a Balkan State. It is becoming rarer and rarer for the United States to send abroad men like Bancroft, Lowell, Motley, and Washington Irving, men, that is to say, of comparatively moderate means, who were appointed and welcomed as litterateurs of distinction, and

from whom nothing in the way of a grand establishment was expected. Material standards have altered a good deal since the scholar-diplomat was the typical, the delightfully typical, representative of America in Europe. For one thing, the American Legations have themselves been turned into Embassies, and, for another, the scale of expenditure and of expectations has enormously risen. The most coveted prizes in the service tend more and more to fall into the hands of millionaires, and a nation which is nothing if not a democracy at home tends more and more to be represented by a plutocracy abroad. In London we have no right whatever to complain of the results of this system. It has given us a long line of distinguished men whom it has been a pleasure to treat rather as guests of the nation than as diplomats accredited to the Court of St. James. But other capitals have not at all times fared so well as London, and the difficulty Mr. Taft is experiencing in choosing a successor to Mr. Whitelaw Reid shows that even in the case of London there may have to be some lowering of the almost miraculous standard of the past fifty years. When Embassies are restricted to men of wealth, who have had no training in diplomacy, and who are merely anxious to round off their career by a new and pleasant experience, it is inevitable that there should be occasional misfits. Mr. Crane's indiscretion was an extreme, but by no means a unique, instance of the pitfalls that lie in the way of a diplomatist who has never served his apprenticeship to the craft. In their purely business and bargaining hours American Ambassadors, through the exercise of sheer native ability, have, as a rule, been eminently successful. There are, indeed, few countries that can show such a record of

skillful diplomacy as the United States. But in the smaller conventions American Ambassadors are frequently to seek. They have rarely had a cosmopolitan experience, and they enter the service too late in life to adapt themselves readily to usages and an environment so far removed from the normal round of American life.

Possibly, as time goes on, the American Congress will gradually do away with the present system. But it will not, necessarily, put a better one in its place. It seems, and undoubtedly it is, an anomaly that there should be no examinations to pass before entering the diplomatic service in America, no security of tenure, no regular and recognized system of promotion, either by merit or seniority, or in any other way, and no pensions. It is an anomaly that all appointments in the service should be made by the President—usually, of course, from men of his own party—and should be liable to terminate at a moment's notice when the other side comes in. But these conditions, if they necessarily restrict the higher posts to men of wealth, have the virtue of saving the service, as a whole, from being over-run by undesirables. To establish permanent Embassies in the leading capitals and to pay Ambassadors a handsome salary is in itself a very desirable thing. But it may, and in America it would, have the effect of making an Embassy a prize for the professional politicians and their hangers-on to compete for, and the chief qualifications of an Ambassador would come in time to be measured by the amount of his political "pull." So long as every man is heavily fined for becoming an Ambassador, there is at least a guarantee that the mere political adventurer will devote himself to other and more lucrative careers.

TO POSTUMUS IN OCTOBER.

When you and I were younger the world was passing fair;
 Our days were sped with laughter, our steps were free as air;
 Life lightly lured us onward, and ceased not to unroll
 In endless shining vistas a playground for the soul.
 But now no glory fires us; we linger in the cold,
 And both of us are weary, and both are growing old;
 Come, Postumus, and face it, and, facing it, confess
 Your years are half a hundred, and mine are nothing less.

When you and I were twenty, my Postumus, we kept
 In tidy rooms in College, and there we snugly slept.
 And still, when I am dreaming, the bells I can recall
 That ordered us to chapel or welcomed us to hall.
 The towers repeat our voices, the gray and ancient Courts
 Are filled with mirth and movement, and echo to our sports;
 Then riverward we trudge it, all talking, once again
 Down all the long unlovely extent of Jesus Lane.

One figure leads the others; with frank and boyish mien,
 Straight back and sturdy shoulders, he lords it o'er the scene;
 His grip is firm and manly, his cheeks are smooth and red;
 The tangled curls cling tightly about his jolly head.
 And when we launch the eight-oar I hear his orders ring;
 With dauntless iteration I see his body swing:
 The pride of all the river, the mainstay of our crew—
 O Postumus, my bald one, can this be truly you?

Nay, Postumus, my comrade, the years have hurried on;
 You're not the only Phoenix, I know, whose plumes are gone.
 When I recall your splendor, your memory, too, is stirred;
 You too can show a moulted, but once resplendent, bird:
 And, if I still should press you, you too could hardly fail
 To point a hateful moral where I adorned the tale.
 'Twere better to be thankful to Heaven that ruled it so,
 And gave us for our spending the days of long ago.

Punch.

R. C. Lehmann.

THE EXECUTION OF SENOR FERRER.

The name of Ferrer is being used not only in Spain, but throughout Europe, as a battle-cry of Anarchism, Socialism, Republicanism, and even Liberalism. It is becoming a symbol which indicates far more than either the man's virtues or his defects warranted.

It has loosed the arm of the assassin, and will bring bitter passion to the ideals of the Republican; it has called together thousands of excited demonstrators, and may yet be the rallying shout behind barricades. All this is dangerous and inopportune, and might

have been avoided. For we cannot help saying that whatever may be the truth about Señor Ferrer, the Spanish Government has blindly disregarded the warnings of many intelligent persons in Spain and of nearly all foreign observers, who perceived that any appearance of prejudice in Señor Ferrer's trial would bring a great deal of trouble on Spain. For ourselves, we do not profess to know whether Señor Ferrer was guilty or not. Moreover, we would say that no one in this or any other country can possibly assert confidently that he was innocent without proving himself just as prejudiced in one direction as he accuses Ferrer's Judges of having been in the other. The mischief is that we do not know the facts, for unhappily the Court-Martial did nothing to place them before the world. That is the gravamen of the charge which can be justly brought against Spain—that the trial of Ferrer was no trial; that he may have been guilty or may have been innocent, but that nothing was proved. In a sense the trial was public, but no witnesses were called. It did not meet in any respect our ordinary notions of justice. In every Court of Law worthy of the name the Judge is the protector of the accused in that he admits no evidence which is not relevant to the particular charge. If a man is accused of murder, it is not evidence for a witness to say that years before he heard the prisoner threaten somebody quite different from the person murdered; yet that was the kind of "evidence" which was freely quoted in the speech of the prosecutor at Señor Ferrer's trial. Thus Ferrer has been removed while the doubt remains whether he was guilty or innocent. Nothing could have been managed worse. Since the trial of Marie Antoinette there has been no such notorious example of Judges giving a verdict in accordance with what they

considered the merits of the case, and not in accordance with evidence relevant to the charge.

The records we have read of Señor Ferrer's life only make us feel uncertain whether he would have instigated such riots as occurred recently at Barcelona. The weight of testimony suggests that he was a revolutionary of the Tolstoyan dye, a philosophic Anarchist; that he wanted to overthrow society, not by bombs, but by ideas. On the other hand, some accounts say that he was seen taking an active part in the Barcelona riots. We imagine, on the whole, that he disliked bombs and avoided them; yet it is well known that men who would not go within a mile of a bomb themselves may be responsible, through their teaching, for the use of bombs by others. Ferrer declared that his mission was education. Although he began life as a poor man, he was left a large legacy—it is put at £100,000—by a woman who sympathized with his teaching, and with this he founded the Modern or Rationalist School at Barcelona, which soon had numerous branches. These were the only schools in Spain where a non-Clerical education was provided. They have all been closed since the riots. Ferrer was marked down, then, by the ruling classes of Spain as above all things an anti-Clerical. It is necessary to bear this in mind. The Spanish people are more inclined every year to agree with Gambetta that Clericalism is the enemy. When they speak of Clericalism in politics, they mean not so much the influence of the secular clergy as of the Orders. The religious Orders were expelled from France before the Chamber agreed to the separation of the Church from the State, and it looks as though the Orders in Spain are unintentionally doing their best to bring it about that the same sequence shall be followed there. In any case, the

circumstances of Ferrer's death exalt him at an unfortunate moment to be a martyr of the anti-Clerical cause. When Bradlaugh was not allowed to sit in the House of Commons on account of his rationalism he drew many supporters to rationalism on this side-issue. The death of Ferrer after a travesty of a trial (which need have been no travesty at all, even if the same result had been reached) will similarly bring many recruits into the anti-Clerical army. It will cause a more bitter feeling against the Church in Spain than ever existed before. It seems to us almost certain that a religious quarrel will be raging in Spain before long.

But to return to Ferrer's career. We learn from a very interesting sketch in the *Manchester Guardian* that the purpose of the Modern Schools was admittedly propagandist. Ferrer described their object in these words:—"To make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics, and of militarism, and to prepare their brains for the social revolution." We think such teaching so poisonous and disgraceful that we shall not be suspected of undue sympathy with Ferrer when we say that even the fact that he taught such pestilential nonsense does not in the least alter our opinion that his trial on the particular charge of having instigated the riots at Barcelona was utterly farcical. Anti-Clericalism can triumph on reason without letting loose the dogs of chaos. A Rational School is absurdly misnamed which preaches irrationalism. Ferrer's trial three years before on the charge of complicity in the attempt to assassinate the King and Queen was in several ways as objectionable as the recent trial. The *Manchester Guardian* gives this account of it:

When in 1906 it was found that Mateo Morral had committed the das-

tardly bomb outrage on the King and Queen at Madrid it was remembered by the police that Morral had been librarian at Ferrer's Modern School. (Ferrer had appointed Morral because he was a man of wide reading and a fine linguist.) Ferrer was arrested on June 4, 1906, and charged with complicity in the outrage. No evidence could be produced against him. He was kept in prison without trial till June of the following year. The Judge of First Instance decided to grant bail; he stated plainly that he could see no reason either for imprisonment or trial. But the Fiscal whose authority was superior refused bail. "You will not have bail," said he to Ferrer, "even if the Judge has granted it, for I will prevent you." Ferrer's crime, if he were guilty, would naturally have brought him under the normal Assize Court's jurisdiction. He was not granted the normal course of justice. A special Court was established, and no jury was allowed him. Henri Rochefort was asked by Ferrer's counsel to give evidence on his behalf, for he would have been a powerful witness as to Ferrer's innocence. The Court absolutely refused to hear foreign witnesses. But the Court could not stifle Rochefort's voice in the Press, and he published the text of a letter which Morral had written to a Russian revolutionary, saying: "I have no faith in Ferrer, Tarrida, Lorenzo and all the simple-minded folk who think that you can do anything with speeches." It was this man who "thought he could do anything with speeches," who was at length tried, after twelve months' imprisonment, on a charge of assisting in a murderous bomb outrage. The prosecution demanded a sentence of sixteen years' imprisonment. The evidence offered was twofold: (1) That Anarchists had been known at times to pay visits to Ferrer, and (2) that Morral was a poor man, Ferrer a rich man, and that therefore Ferrer must have supplied Morral with money to hire rooms in Madrid and commit the outrage. This "evidence" proved insufficient to convince even a specially constituted Court, and Ferrer was acquitted.

A man who has had such an experience of "Justice," and who knows that the Administration responsible for it is supported by the Church, may be excused for speaking of the lies of justice and religion. Yet he has nothing more than an excuse. A teacher who desires to smash law because justice in his own country is corrupt, and to banish religion because the priests of his own country are not what they profess to be, is assuredly a man without mental or moral balance. We cannot, indeed, think of Señor Ferrer as a really cultivated or intelligent man, and are not at all surprised to learn from the *Times* report that at his trial he spoke Castilian like an ill-educated Frenchman. We return, then, to our starting-point,—he may or may not have been guilty of instigating the riots at Barcelona, but still the deplorable fact, and the peril for Spain, remains that he is dead, and that his guilt was never placed beyond dispute. We fear that by the blunder of this trial, following the blunders of the war in Morocco, Spain has undone in a few months the effect of years of progress. The hopefulness which was fed and justified by

The Spectator.

genuine domestic development after the war with the United States is being dissipated by one heavy blow after another.

In writing as we have done we must not be understood for a moment to sanction the idea that the British Government should have made Señor Ferrer's cause their own, and have made a direct protest immediately the "trial" was over against any penalty being inflicted without proper evidence. Every country must be allowed to manage its own affairs, even in the disposal of the lives of its citizens. Our Foreign Office could not protest because it had no ground of protest. But the expression of strong opinions by private persons and by newspapers is quite another matter. If newspapers stifled their convictions under pain of being thought impertinent, the unofficial influences of one country on another would practically cease. For newspapers it is not merely a right, but a duty, to say what they think, and it is certainly not a duty to be evaded in the case of Spain, whose affairs Englishmen are now watching with as much sympathy as apprehension.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Clara Murray's "Story Land" (Little, Brown & Co.) is a book of stories, verses and pictures for small children, selected from many sources, and accompanied with a pronouncing key and word list intended to beguile little people into reading its pages for themselves.

To their series of Holiday Editions of Juvenile Classics the J. B. Lippincott Co., add George Macdonald's delightful fantasy "At the Back of the North Wind" with twelve full-page illustrations in color by Maria L. Kirk,

and decorated chapter headings. The artist has succeeded marvelously in interpreting the humor and the delicate and whimsical fancy of the text, and the book is one which no one who has an imaginative child among his friends or protégés should overlook when the holidays come.

Large type, short words and colored pictures adapt "Polly and Dolly," by Mary Frances Blaisdell, to the use of children who are just beginning to read; while for children a little older Miss Madge A. Bigham's "Overheard

in Fairyland" provides a budget of simple imaginings about flowers and trees and fruits; and Julia Augusta Schwartz's "Wonderful Little Lives" describes simply and in an engagingly interesting manner the ways of flies and spiders, mosquitoes and grasshoppers and other tiny creatures. All are illustrated. Little, Brown & Co.

"The Faery Queen and Her Knights" is a volume of stories retold from Edmund Spenser by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, who has already simplified the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey and the mediæval legends and romances so attractively for young people. Few young readers and not many older ones make their way through the whole of the Faery Queen, and it is a real service which Mr. Church renders in enabling young people to obtain some idea of its beauty. There are eight illustrations in color. The Macmillan Co.

The little loves of little folk make tranquil, pleasant stories such as "The Wares of Edgefield," Miss Eliza Orne White's latest novel, and if they do not remain long in the memory, at least they are harmless while there, and their gentle charm serves well to create distaste for the coarseness of fiction calling itself strong because its ugliness deprives it of any other claim to consideration. Miss White is as careful and as logical with her company of quiet folk as if they were sages and warriors and sovereigns, and her story is ideal for the reading of young girls. Houghton Mifflin Company.

To outline two characters in a series of letters and to narrate years of their history is not so easy as it seems to some authors who have constructed novels on that plan; to go further and to allow the outlined characters to outline a third, and to write in its person to a fourth supposed to be outlined by

the second, is to tempt whatsoever Fate has charge of authors who expect their readers to use their brains, and this is what is done by the author of "Letters from G. G." They are pretty and sometimes witty, but they lack substance. They are too puzzling for the enjoyment of a plain man. A real "G. G." might find pleasure in them, but the species is limited. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "The Shadow between his Shoulder Blades" has for its hero Forrest who fought regardless of self and regardless of all spectators, and would not leave the field even when physically useless to his command. The narrator of the story is a confederate discharged after receiving a serious wound, and his intention is to relate the story of a comrade and a Northern spy, rivals in love, and it must be owned that he so tells it that a comrade of John Brown or an Andersonville graduate would regard that spy with the eyes of a confederate. The riddle of the title is not solved until the latest possible moment and it is so managed as to heighten the effect of all which precedes it. Small, Maynard & Co.

In Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding," a tiny green and gold volume, are four short stories of genuine black folk, folk whom the manners and the modes of thought learned in slavery have not yet deserted, irresponsible, tricksy, lovable and loving, with mother-wit now and then coming to the surface in unexpected places, and over all the charm of a vanishing species, for the sons and grandsons of negroes born free have little in common with those of whom Southern authors write. In the fourth of these stories, Mrs. Stuart tells of one poor soul who received the gift of freedom with rejoicing as fervent

as could have been felt by any white captive, and it will live in the memory after the humor of the others is forgotten. Century Company.

"The Flute of the Gods," Miss Marah Ellis Ryan's story of Hopi Indians of the sixteenth century accepts the Indians and their beliefs and superstitions at Hopi valuation, and the reader must forget his prejudices and sympathize if he would enjoy the book. The author has mastered the art of making descriptions of manners and customs as interesting as a tale of adventure, and she has so saturated her mind with the reports of individual explorers and various bodies working for the American government that her Indians bear very slight resemblance to the ordinary Indian of fiction. The reader who attempts to reconcile them with the highly generalized imaginary Indian of ordinary fiction will be sorely puzzled; they must be taken as described. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Murderous innocence was the first trait of carnivorous animals to impress itself upon Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, but in the years since he wrote "Earth's Enigmas" he has studied them again and again, uncovering now one and now another characteristic or aspect, and in his latest book, "The Backwoodsmen," he shows the comic side of the relations between hunters and pioneers, and the creatures whom they have tamed, or have shorn of half their savagery by their very presence. Two stalwart old women, one awakened to bravery by the peril of her grandchild, the other scorning guns and traps and doing great execution with boiling water and red pepper figure in some of the stories, and from none is lacking the careful touch of the master of style. Macmillan Company.

There will be some natural curiosity to know the identity of the "Diplomatist" who is the author of the little monograph on "American Foreign Policy" which the Houghton Mifflin Co. publishes. Whoever he may be, he is well informed, and has an intelligent realization of the enlarged opportunities and responsibilities which make it impossible for the United States longer to maintain an attitude of aloofness with reference to international questions. He discusses the ancient and out-grown policy, shows its inapplicability to our present relations with Europe, with the Latin republics, and with the Near and the Far East, and concludes with a cogent presentation of the reasons which exist for a recasting of our diplomatic system and a reconstruction and enlargement of our diplomatic service.

A constantly increasing proportion of concert goers wish to have a more than superficial knowledge of the works they hear performed. The "Standard Concert Repertory" is a most useful volume for such people. Mr. George P. Upton, the author, has herein given an outline of the form, structure, orchestration, history, etc., of those overtures, suites, symphonic poems, etc., which are most prominent on the programs of the best orchestral concerts. The range is from Bach and the other early classic composers, to the modern writers, such as Richard Strauss, D'Indy, Elgar, etc. Mr. Upton has had long experience as a musical critic and author, and he writes clearly and interestingly. The book is one to consult with profit and pleasure before attending a performance of works treated therein. A. C. McClurg & Co.

All boys must have their treasure story this year and in Mrs. Louise Godfrey Irwin's "The Secret of Old Thunderhead" there is a most delightful